

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

FOOTING IT TO THE GLORY OF FRANCE: A LITTLE - BIRD VIEW OF A FÊTE.



STREET REJOICINGS IN MONTMARTRE SEEN FROM A HIGH BALCONY: AN OPEN - AIR DANCE IN THE RUE DES ABBESSES.

The French National Fête Day was kept with all the usual joyousness. The chief feature was the great military review, at which the new infantry uniforms, designed by the military painter, Edouard Detaille, and the regimental colour of the French Army Air Corps were seen for the first time. There was too, of course, much dancing in the open. Of one of the street balls this photograph gives a most novel view, and, as a French paper points out, suggests certain of the compositions of André Devambez and Jean Vèber.

PARTY GIVEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE BY THE KING AND QUEEN.



13. MR. SEELY AND COLONEL SEELY, THE NEW SECRETARY-OF-STATE FOR WAR.
 14. MR. LOCKWOOD AND COLONEL LOCKWOOD, M.P. FOR THE EPPING DIVISION OF ESSEX.
 15. MR. JOHN WARD, M.P. (LABOUR) FOR STOKE-ON-TRENT.
 16. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

13. MR. IAN MALCOLM, M.P. FOR CROYDON; MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS; AND MRS. IAN MALCOLM.
 14. ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THEIR GUESTS ON THE LAWN: THE KING AND QUEEN CROSSING THE LAST TERRACE.
 15. COUNTESS TORBY, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, AND THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

able to obey the "command," which brought together practically all the eminent persons now in London—and their wives. Their Majesties walked to the airship, and took their places under the royal canopy, under which presentations were made. During the afternoon the Army airship "Gamma," was seen.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, and C.N.]

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 a new play entitled
BELLA DONNA. 245th TIME.
By James Bernard Fagan and Robert Hichens.
GEORGE ALEXANDER and MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Gerrard.

GARRICK. FIND THE WOMAN.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE every WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production—
THE SUNSHINE GIRL. Box-office 10 to 10.

EMPIRE. EVERYBODY'S DOING IT! Revue. Ida Crispi,
Unity More, Ivy St. Helier, Farren Soutar, Will Cromwell, Vernon Watson, and
Robert Hale. The WATER NYMPH, a dance idyll, by LYDIA KYASHT, Three Rubes,
ROYAL HENLEY on the Bioscope, and Varieties. Evenings at 8.

PALLADIUM. Argyll Street, W. Always the best entertainment
in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, and
Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s. Arthur
Bourchier's Production "Striking Home," Jean Alwyn, Ruth Vincent, Kate Cutler, Varieties, etc.

THE "PATIENCE PUZZLE." By Jackpot. Price 6d.

KATE PRAGNELL, CHIARONI PHOTOGRAPHER,
has removed, for the convenience of her clients, from 39, Brompton Square to
16, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The
most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-
class restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

**WESTGATE-
ON-SEA.** UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.
STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.
Magnificent Lounge.
THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC
LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.
SPECIAL TERMS FOR LENGTHENED STAY DURING
THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.
ELECTRIC LIFT.
Telephone: 196 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

WEYMOUTH. THE SOUTH COAST SEASIDE RESORT.
Sunnier and Healthiest Spot in England. Golfing,
Fishing, Skating Rinks, Coaching Trips, Boating. Daily
Concerts. Steamboat Excursions. Promenade 2 miles in length. Pavilion and Theatre.
Send 2d. to Town Clerk for Illustrated Guide.

CONNEMARA

AND THE WEST,
ACHILL AND THE ATLANTIC COAST,
SLIGO AND LOUGH GILL.

SEAL CAVES AND CLIFFS.
MOUNTAIN, SEA, AND LAKE.

The Tourist District of
THE MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF IRELAND
abounds in splendid and imposing scenery.

FISHING	SHOOTING	GOLFING
RAILWAY HOTELS		FREE FISHING
owned and managed by the Company at		and Free Golfing to Hotel Visitors.
RECESS AND MALLARANNY.		Cheap Circular Tourist Tickets, combining Rail and Motor Coaches.

The Company's New Tourist Motor Coaches will run daily between Clifden
and Westport during August and September.

Programme of Tours free on application to any of Messrs. Cook and Son's Offices; Irish
Tourist Office, 65, Haymarket, London; Mr. J. Hoey, 50, Castle Street, Liverpool; or to
Superintendent of Line, M.G.W. Ry., Broadstone, Dublin.

JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager.

RETAIN CONTROL OF YOUR PROPERTY
By Renting a Safe of the
NATIONAL SAFE DEPOSIT CO., LTD.,
1, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, MANSION HOUSE, E.C.
And obtain the
SECURE AND CONTINUOUS ADMINISTRATION OF YOUR ESTATE
BY APPOINTING THE SAID COMPANY YOUR EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE.
COUPONS CUT OFF AT DUE DATES, AND DIVIDENDS COLLECTED
AND REMITTED.
Full particulars on application. A. E. ORAM, Director-Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND	CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 15s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 15s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.	Twelve Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.	

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
Fast Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

WE have had very few plays from the Italian in my time, and
"The Ideal Wife," a version of "La Moglie Ideale," by
Marco Praga, does not make one long for more. Of course,
it is not fair to judge the original by a translation, and it may possess
just those qualities of subtlety and wit the absence of which rendered
the new piece at the Vaudeville displeasing. The study of a woman
who has a wealthy, amiable husband and a charming son, but who
lives "a double life," being a tender, caressful spouse during the
period when she is also the passionate, exacting mistress of her
husband's friend, ought to show great cleverness to be interesting.
"The Ideal Wife" is not very clever; indeed, it lacks the quality
that might render the picture attractive in the way in which
"Madame Bovary" was attractive. Perhaps some people will be
able to find merit in the fact that the comedy has no moralising
in it, and that at the end we leave the woman quite happy and
prosperous, having got rid comfortably of one lover and contemplating
the formation of a new intrigue. There is only one real woman's
part in the play, and that is a long one, already acted by the great
Duse. Unfortunately, Miss Ada Potter, who produced the piece at
the Vaudeville, did not prove herself to be quite the ideal actress
for the part of the ideal wife.

"Hindle Wakes," given on the second night of the week, was
refreshing after the Italian piece, for it presents quite vividly a real
picture of English life, not altogether agreeable life, perhaps. There
is no need to say much about it, since Miss Horniman's Company
played the work so short a time ago, for the Stage Society, when it
was dealt with in this column. It stands the severe test of a second
visit. With one exception, the original company appears. Certainly
the exception, which involves the loss of Mr. Charles Bibby, is
regrettable, but his old part is well played; as to the other
admirable artists, one may say that they all deserve hearty praise
and, better still, to be seen.

The performances in the garden of Aubrey House are worthy
of record, for some young people have attacked with much courage
and remarkable success such tough "propositions" as "Peer
Gynt" and Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," the latter not quite a
novelty, since Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. A. Sothorn gave a
version of it at the Waldorf; one of these days someone will revive
the beautiful play for a run. In the meantime, one may express
admiration at the able, sincere efforts of Mr. Arthur Curtis, as
Heinrich, and Miss Muriel Pratt, as the fascinating Kautendalem.
People were lucky to spend an evening in the beautiful old garden
watching the poetical drama.

HAMBURG.

Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich.
By the General Steam Navigation Company's
Fast Passenger Steamers,
Fitted with Submarine Signalling.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m.
Corridor Train, Dining and Breakfast Cars.
First Class, Single, 44s. od.; Return, 66s. od.
Second Class, Single, 30s. od.; Return, 45s. od.
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 15, Trinity Square, E.C.; or of the Continental
Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

CHEAP CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.

THE BELGIAN ARDENNES, 45s. 9d.
BRUSSELS (for Waterloo) and Back, 30s. 7d.
Via Harwich-Antwerp Daily (Sundays excepted) by Large Twin-Screw Steamers,
S.S. "Amsterdam," "Brussels," "Dresden," or "Vienna."
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.40 p.m.
Brussels (Nord) ... arr. 9.30 a.m.
CORRIDOR VESTIBULED TRAIN, with 1st and 2nd class Dining and Breakfast Cars;
no supplementary charge for seats.
Season Tickets over Belgian Railways issued.
BRITISH ROYAL MAIL HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND Route to the Continent
daily by Turbine Steamers.

ACCELERATED AND IMPROVED SERVICES.

THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m. CORRIDOR VESTIBULED TRAIN,
with 1st and 2nd class Dining and Breakfast Cars; no supplementary charge for seats.
Wireless Telegraphy and Submarine Signalling.
Direct service from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Corridor Vestibuled Trains, with
1st and 3rd class Dining and Breakfast Cars between York and Harwich.
Read "HOLIDAYS ABROAD" (free).
Particulars at 12a, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool
Street Station, London, E.C.

IMPROVED SERVICE

TO AND FROM
DENMARK. NORWAY. SWEDEN.
VIA
HARWICH and ESBJERG,
By the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen, four times weekly.
Further particulars from the United Shipping Company, Limited, 108, Fenchurch Street,
London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

POLICE DOGS.

Major Richardson's **AIREDALES**, as supplied Admiralty, Home, Colonial, and Continental
Police, best companions for house-protection, inside or outside, lonely walks, etc., from 4 gns.;
Pups, 2 gns. Also **BLOODHOUNDS**, Pups, 7 gns.; Adults, 20 gns.; and Rough and
Smooth **FOX TERRIERS, SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovond,
Harrow. Tel. 423.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-eight (from April 10 to
July 3, 1912) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



THE "IN AND OUT" CLUB; EASTERN CLOTHES FOR HOT WEATHER; AND NEW FRENCH UNIFORMS.

A Club Jubilee Present.

Ten of the members who originally founded the Naval and Military Club in 1862 are, happily, still alive, and still members of the "In and Out," as the cabmen call it, because of the big letters on the lamps of the gates, and these ten are making the club a jubilee present in the form of a large silver-gilt piece of plate, a vase with a winged Victory on its cover. It is a pretty act on the part of the ten men who have seen the club from its small beginnings rise to its present state of luxury and comfort and popularity.

A Page of Club History.

When, in 1862, the Buffs were quartered at the Tower of London, many of the officers of that regiment found themselves with no club to go to. It took more than ten years on the waiting list to become a member of the Rag, and the United Services Club then only admitted field officers within its sacred portals. There was also a long waiting list for the Junior. A major, a captain, and a lieutenant of the Buffs, a Royal Engineer, and an officer late of the 17th Lancers organised the Naval and Military, and the Club, with 150 members, took a house in Clifford Street—No. 18. The number of members increased so quickly that a move was made next year to 22, Hanover Square, and, at the end of 1865, Cambridge House, vacant through the death of Lord Palmerston, was taken by the club, where it still has its abode, having a considerable time of the lease yet to run.

Hot Weather Clothing.

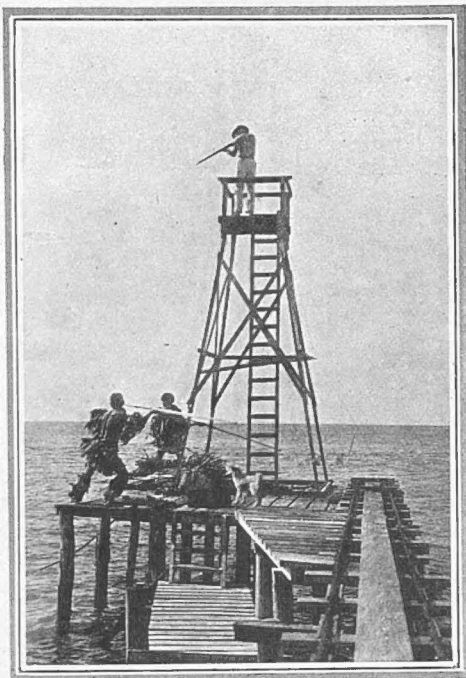
The heat wave set me rummaging in my old trunks for any clothing of the East that moths and the washerwoman might have spared, and, in the privacy of my own flat, I went about garbed in the dress that the white bachelors in the Straits Settlements wear when at their ease in their bungalows. A very thin singlet, a "baju," which is the lightest of unstarched linen coats, and a "sarong," simplest form of a male petticoat, is the coolest dress I know, and I found all these, scented with musk and camphor, in an old tin travelling-case. The sarong is quite a beautiful thing of its kind, of the finest silk decorated with waxed native patterns, a real native article—not one of the imitations which are printed in hundreds of thousands in Manchester, and it was given me by the old Sultan of Johore, on one of the occasions when I stayed at the Istana, on the shores of the Straits. My housekeeper at first seemed rather doubtful whether this was a costume in which I could be recognised, or whether I was to be treated as though I were going to my bath; but when I assured her that it was the dress worn by Sultans and Rajahs on the Equator, and that I only wanted some diamond buttons and a little black velvet cap, with a diamond spray, to be a complete Malay ruler, she treated me as being quite visible.

The Unwritten Law of Clothing.

It is curious how, in some of the lands of the East, white men may wear the native dress without a loss of dignity, and how unwritten law forbids it in others. In India, for instance, a white man who wears Indian raiment, unless he is a visiting M.P. or a crank, is held to have broken his caste and to have lost the right to consider himself a sahib. Only the missionaries in China amongst white men wear the native garb, and they wear it because it takes them unobserved into the midst of the people. In Japan every lady and every man amongst the strangers in the land has a kimono for house wear; and all over Malaya a bachelor, as soon as he gets into his own house, casts off his European white clothing, and relapses into the comfortable native garments, which do not press unduly on any part of his body.

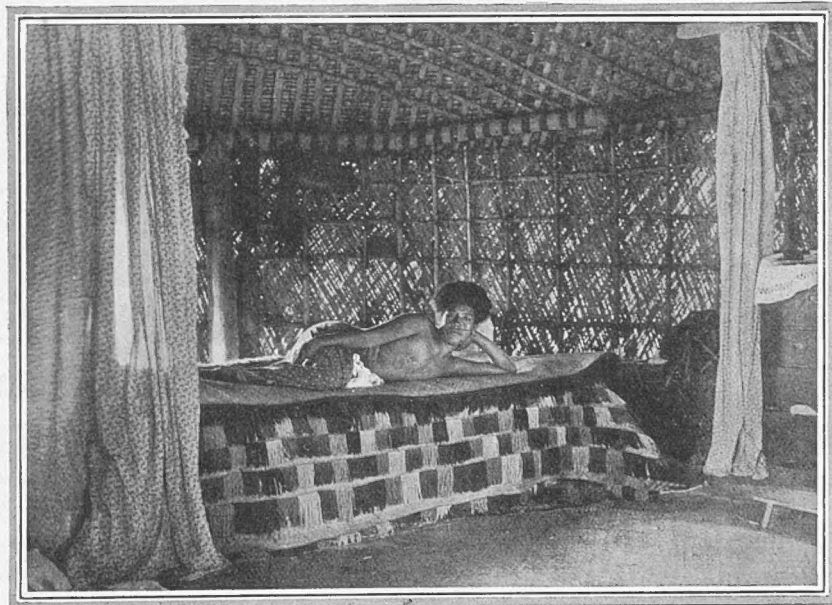
A Chinese Suit.

A beautiful suit of silken Chinese clothes once created a storm in a tea-cup on board a P. and O. ship in the Red Sea. The wearer of it was a very distinguished general going out to the East, and the clothes had been presented to him by a mandarin during a trip through China. He appeared on deck in this silken suit, and all the men envied him, though the ladies looked askance. After lunch one of the latter protested to the captain against the presence in their midst, during the daytime, of a man wearing pyjamas. The captain had a quiet talk with the general, who pointed out that it was not his fault that European makers of night-wear had adopted the pattern of Chinese day-clothes. The captain, being a wise man, refused to enter into the merits of the case, but asked the general as a personal favour not to wear his Chinese clothes until he was on land again. The general consented, and next day appeared like the rest of us, in Britannic garments, and the ladies forgave him.



DEATH AFTER CONCUSSION: "SHOOTING" FISH WITH A RIFLE.

The concussion stuns the fish. The photograph was taken in Fiji.—[Photograph by Ralph Stock.]



COOL! THE INTERIOR OF A FIJIAN HOUSE.

Photograph by Ralph Stock.

The New French Uniform. The crowd at the great review at Longchamp on the national fête day, July 14, saw, for the first time sections of various French regiments dressed in the new uniforms which have been designed by MM. Detaille and Georges Scott, the two foremost French painters of military subjects. The grass-green campaigning uniform, which is a pleasanter colour than our khaki, was liked, and so was the new full-dress, which is a good deal smarter than the old uniform; but it will take some time for the French to become accustomed to the gun-metal helmets, which look too like those worn by the Bavarians to please the Parisian eye. Our officers who wear metal helmets tell us that they are not very uncomfortable,

nor very hot, and the Cuirassiers of the French army wear their metal helmets in undress as well as in full dress, but the French infantrymen, accustomed to the képi, will find the gun-metal cap very stiff wear, and I should imagine that popular opinion will make it necessary to change the head-dress.



SO many of Sir George Holford's friends gave him gifts of gold, that last Wednesday's ceremony came to be popularly known, even before his marriage, as his golden wedding. Queen Alexandra's box, with precious stones thrown in, and Princess Victoria's clock were both gold, and so were the articles of the toilet from Mr. Frank Green, the instruments of manicure from Sir Abe Bailey, the box from his colleagues in the Royal Household, and the cup that came with charming messages from his friends the usurpers at Dorchester House. Gold, too, was the knob upon the cane that he must be swinging when he strolls into the arms of the Marquis de Soveral, and gold, too, was the knob upon the stick that he must carry when he calls on Lord Rosebery.

The unusual splendour and intimate interest of Queen Alexandra's offering to Sir George Holford marks her esteem for the most attached of Equerries. Painted on the lid of the golden cigar-box are miniatures of her Majesty, Edward VII., and the late Duke of Clarence, all of whom Sir George served in one capacity or another. His service comes well down to date. Last Tuesday, on the eve of his wedding, he was in attendance at Marlborough House. And when a friend ventured a smiling—"A

whole day off to-morrow, eh?"—the admirable Equerry was too much absorbed in seeing that the right people had tea and talk together to grasp the significance of the sally.

All in the Downs.

Lord Charles Beresford has decided to put Hardham Priory, lately injured by fire, on the market. It is a place not easy to relinquish. Situated just outside Pulborough, it looks southward to the Downs, across

Lord Zouche's splendid Park, with Arundel to the right, and in the middle

distance Amberley, where Mr. Stott, the painter, acts as a sort of local policeman who sees to it that nothing is put up to mar one of the best villages in the kingdom. More important, according to Mr. Belloc, is the proximity of Washington, a village that is said by the late member for Salford to possess the best ale in Sussex—which is the world. And at Bury, near by, is the inn that has held a license ever since Charles II. quaffed a mug of beer there: "Cursed be the man who takes away that license!" says Hilaire.

Room for Improvement?

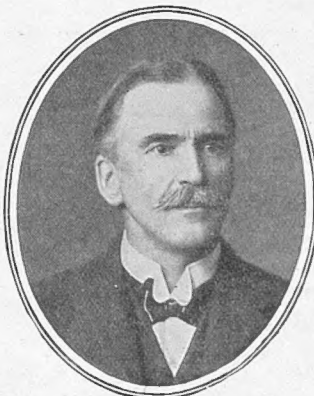
If Lord Ashby St. Ledgers had been playing polo too hard to face the joust, his case is not unlike the Duke of Westminster's, who always does other things rather too hard to be fit for polo in the afternoon. The only fair complaint that has ever been made against his play is that it would be better—a little better—if he did not spend the night before a great match in a balloon, the morning in a motor-boat, and the first half of the game in a police-trap on the road to the ground.

Punctilio. Speech Days are over, and head boys through their ordeals.

But not only they. Lady Desborough's instructions to parents visiting their offspring on great occasions are suggestive of difficulties all round. Mothers, she teaches, should measure not less than forty-eight at the waist, must not be sprightly, knowing, hearty, youthful, slangy, arch, sporting, or witty. Fathers must study the *Tailor and Cutter*. Otherwise let them beware an Old Boy-cott. Perhaps the Public Schools have

grown a shade less uneasy since Lady Desborough framed these regulations. The boy who is really a boy of the world may welcome the opportunity afforded by his parents for displaying his own tact and taste. But the very small boy is still

sensitive. "Oh, Mater, what a hat!" was one of last week's agonised welcomes.



COLONEL THE HON. CHARLES LAMBTON, D.S.O., WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MARION GARFORTH WAS FIXED FOR JULY 22.

Colonel Lambton, the third of the eight brothers of the Earl of Durham, was born in 1857, and was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding and Brevet-Colonel 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. He saw active service during the Nile Expedition of 1898 and in South Africa. He won the D.S.O. in 1898. Miss Garforth is the eldest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Garforth, of Westow Hall, York. The wedding was fixed to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Photograph by Swaine.



LEAVING 25, CHARLES STREET FOR THEIR HONEYMOON: SIR GEORGE AND LADY HOLFORD.

The wedding of Sir George Holford and Mrs. J. Graham Menzies, widow of Mr. J. Graham Menzies, and daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson and of Mrs. Wilson, of Tranby Croft, was celebrated last week in the Royal Chapel of St. James's Palace. The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Victoria were present. Colonel Sir George Holford, who was born in 1860, was formerly Equerry to the late Duke of Clarence, and Equerry to King Edward VII. Since then he has been an Equerry to Queen Alexandra and an Extra Equerry to King George.

Photograph by Topical.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HEReward WAKE, D.S.O.: MISS MARGARET W. BENSON.

Miss Benson is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benson, and a niece of Sir George Holford and Countess Grey. Captain Wake, of the King's Royal Rifles, is the eldest son of Sir Hereward Wake, twelfth Baronet of a creation dating from 1621. He served in South Africa with the Mounted Infantry and was A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO MR. F. J. STANLEY-CARY: MISS MOLLIE FARRELL.

Miss Mollie Farrell is the daughter of Mr. J. E. J. Farrell, of Kells, Co. Meath.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



TO MARRY MR. FRANCIS WESTBY PERCEVAL ON JULY 27: MISS DOROTHY THORNTON.

Miss Thornton is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Thornton, of Fairlawn, Lansdowne Road, Wimbledon. Mr. Percival is the eldest son of Sir Westby Perceval and Lady Perceval, of Southdown, Wimbledon. Sir Westby has acted as Agent-General for New Zealand and for Tasmania.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. KYRLE FFRENCH ON JULY 25: MISS LETTICE SMITH-BOSANQUET. The wedding is fixed to take place in St. Alban's Abbey.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

BLACK "BIRDS" OF THE SEA: DIVERS "CAUGHT."



1. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM BELOW: MISS GRETA JOHANSSON, OF SWEDEN.

2. IN MID-AIR: MISS ISABEL WHITE, OF ENGLAND.

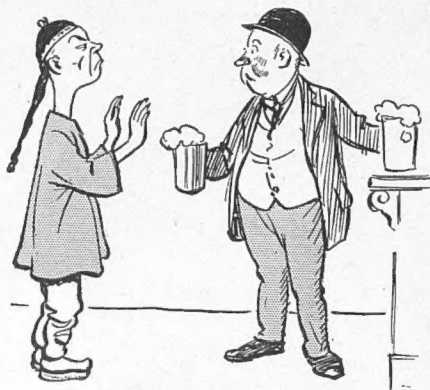
3. WOMAN IN FLIGHT: MISS ISABEL WHITE, OF ENGLAND.

These photographs of lady divers at the Olympic Games make them look very like black birds, caught, so to speak, by the camera. This remarkable flying effect is due partly to the angle at which the photographs were taken from below. In order to see it best, especially in the case of Photograph No. 1, the page should be held up overhead and looked at from below. The final of the plain diving competition for ladies, from heights of 5 and 10 metres (about 16 ft. and 32 ft.) took place at Stockholm on the 13th. The winner was Miss Greta Johansson, of Sweden, with 39.9 points. Miss Lisa Regnell, of Sweden, was second, with 36.3 points, and Miss Isabel White, of Great Britain, third, with 34 points.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

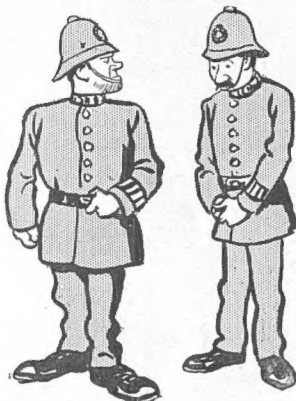


HOW is it we don't think of these things? Italian mothers hang rows of teeth round their babies' necks to help them in teething, just as, in other parts of the world, men keep axes up their sleeves to help them in playing cards.

"The Chinese do not take to beer," says an American Consular Report. "What a life!" says the man at the street-corner.

At the Olympic Games in Stockholm when the pistol was fired it not only started the runners but also a stop-watch at the other end by electricity. Then when the runner broke the tape he, also by electricity, stopped the watch and took a snapshot of the finish. All we now need is the application of high-frequency currents to the athletes and we shall have record times.

At first sight it seems hard to understand why an area sneak should steal a policeman's boots, which are said to be recognisable anywhere. But perhaps it was with the idea of laying the foundations of a really good and efficient disguise.



At Bedburg, in Prussia, there is a garden city in which are kept over two thousand lunatics with only a wire netting dividing them from the everyday world. The good folk of Bedburg are indeed "to madness near allied, and thin partitions do their bounds divide."

THE APPLE OF LONGEVITY.

(The fruit cure has cropped up again, and people are being advised to

eat apples morning and night if they wish to attain a patriarchal age.)

Now, all sorts of doctors give
Tips for him who wants to live
And score a healthy hundred off the
scythe-man,
Who's ambitious to enjoy
Life at ninety like a boy,
A lissom and a limber and a lithe
man.
But Professor Metchnikoff
At the present moment's "off"
With his milk and his Bulgarian
bacilli,
So we'll turn to a recipe
That is simple, chaste, and cheap,
And hails from somewhere nearer
Piccadilly!

I can easily believe
It's as old as Mother Eve,
For the doctors who revived it bid
you grapple
In the morning, or at night
As you're putting out the light,
With a Kentish or a Somersetshire
apple.
And, be careful on this head,
Mind, it must be munched in bed,
This procedure, note it down, must
never vary;
Then it's possible you may
Live for ever and a day,
But you're sure to get a pain in
Little Mary!

Dr. Guelpa propounds as a scientific conundrum, "Why are workmen and peasants less liable to baldness than the well-to-do classes, and even than hair-dressers?" Probably because they leave their hair alone and give it a chance to grow.

Dr. Helme thinks that men suffer from calvities because they eat too much and too quickly. Perhaps. But the point is, what a much nicer word

"calvities" is than "balditude." Here's a chance for a new hair-wash. "Why go bald? Use our Hair Regulator and have a splendid crop of calvities."

COMPLIMENTS — THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

(The modern girl is understood to be extremely impatient of compliments on her personal appearance, but, on the other hand, she loves to be told that she is a good golfer or a good companion.)

My Phyllis is a radiant girl,
Her lips are cherry red,
Her teeth are quarrelets of pearl,
Like Ceres' gold her head.
With lover's warmth I worship each

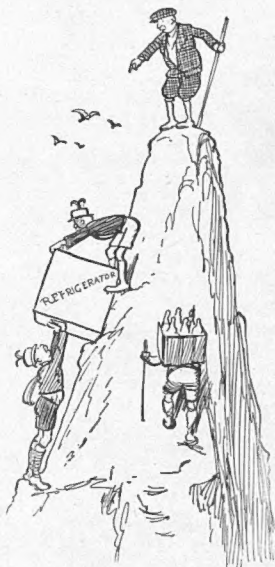
She fain would smite a little ball
As far as any man;
In truth, she cannot play at all,
But fondly holds she can.



Rare beauty, doubting not;
But she in modern damsel's speech
Makes scoffing answer, "Rot!"

I praise her drive, I praise her putt,
Ignore her maiden charms;
My lover's vows are perjured—but
She falls into my arms.

There are some people who haul a refrigerator up Mont Blanc to ice their champagne, but there are still some great minds who see what is under their noses. At last some use is being made of the Grindelwald glaciers, which are being exported in the form of ice-blocks to warmer countries.



The Kaiser has now put his crockery works on a sound business footing, and is turning his attention to ship-building. He has been canvassing the Russian Admiral Grigorovich for orders for cruisers. Unfortunately, no one tells us what was the Admiral's soft answer that turned away wrath.

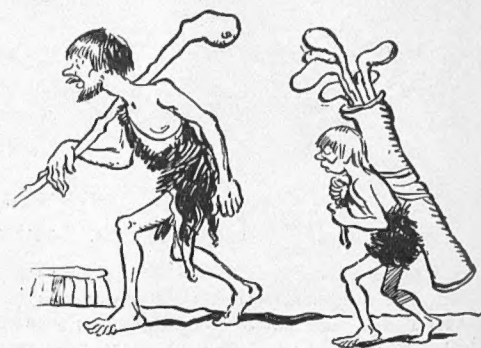


More foreign complications! The Pope's Swiss Guards have struck because the sort of Swiss Admiral who commands them wants them to be real soldiers and not merely ornamental persons. The Pope looks much too amiable to declare war on anybody, but the Vatican evidently wants to make it hot for someone.

They have put an old horse 'bus of the knife-board pattern into the London Museum. We talk about the perils of the streets nowadays, but this will enable a younger and softer generation to grasp the hardships which their stout forefathers underwent in the long and hazardous journey from Chelsea to the Bank.

According to Mr. Symmons, good housewives and good mothers are sure to have sharp tongues. Good for the house and good for the children, no doubt, but what about the wretched husband? But don't pity him. After all, he has the Vote, and, as every woman knows, that cures all ills.

"Old London Links. Many Archæological Discoveries," cries an evening paper, describing the excavations in London. Then the ancient Britons did play golf after all, which clears up certain cryptic passages in Tacitus.



LORDS OF LORD'S: No. V.—"RANJI."



THE REAL JAM—OF NAWANAGAR: A PRINCE OF CRICKETERS.

His Highness Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar—or, as he is commonly called, the Jam of Nawanagar—when, in 1906, he succeeded his cousin as ruler of that State, did not renounce his rights and his popularity as a prince of cricket. He was back in England again in 1908, and with his 153 not out for Sussex against Middlesex at Lord's, followed shortly after by his fourteenth innings of over 200 for Sussex, against Surrey, at the Oval, he showed that the cares of state had not deprived him of his marvellous skill with the bat. This season he is with us again, playing for his county, and holding sway over the hearts of the crowd. For the Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval a week or two ago he made 24 and 42, and he was selected to represent the Gentlemen again this week at Lord's. "Ranji," as he will always be to the cricket world, was born at Sarodar in 1872, got his blue at Cambridge in 1893, and then began a wonderful career of centuries innumerable. He has a graceful, sinuous style of batting, with some strokes that are all his own.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE DRAMATIC INVASION OF LONDON: PLAYS FROM IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND MANCHESTER.

The Cockneys' Competitors.

When looking back at the dead season of 1911-12, one notices a very important feature. For years past the Londoner has regarded his theatres as the hub of the theatrical world of the English-speaking races—or the races that try to speak English. We have grown accustomed to the invasion of foreigners, chiefly French—this year it was a raid rather than an invasion, and an unsuccessful raid, too; and, despite the occasional success of an American piece or company in town, the proportion of such successes to failures has left us comfortable and complacent. What, then, are our feelings at discovering that two of the principal events of the season have been the visit of the Horniman, or Manchester Repertory Company, and that of the Irish Players, or the Abbey Theatre Company, to say nothing of the triumph of a group of Scots players in "Bunt," which seems likely to pull her "little bit of string" for years to come! Poor old London! its managers as a body have lost hogsheads of money, whilst these invaders have reaped a golden harvest of farthings and fame. The matter seems amazing, but really is not in the least degree surprising: it certainly is portentous, and I have little doubt that the portent will be generally ignored or misunderstood.

The Irish Folk.

Why has the Irish Company played to good business and received a remarkable number of favourable, even enthusiastic, notices, and drawn many people, distinguished in literature, art, and politics, to the Court Theatre? Certainly not because its plays were by authors whose names are household words, nor for the reason that its players—almost all of them, in fact, pupils of the Irish Theatre itself—are popular Stars, nor on account of wonders in the way of scenery. The reason has been that their dramatists have written simply and naturally, with a careful avoidance of old stage tricks, about people and things which they know and understand, and that the players have considered the necessities of the play as of greater importance than self-glorification; and so we have had grim domestic tragedy, quietly humorous comedy, and rollicking farce played with such sincerity and unselfishness as to hold audiences, sometimes a little puzzled by the methods of speech of the players from the Green Island. Somebody has said that with the death of Synge, the Irish Theatre would break up; but notwithstanding the very grievous loss of him, it is still triumphant, and has delighted hundreds of Cockneys.

The Horniman Theatre.

What I have said of the Irish Players may be repeated with little change concerning the Manchester Repertory Theatre, and it may be verified by people wise enough to go and see "Hindle Wakes" at the Playhouse, where, under the management of Mr. Cyril Maude, although its formal season is over, the Provincial Company is now presenting a Provincial play, by a Provincial author, on a Provincial topic: I do not use the word "Provincial" disparagingly, for I come from Lancashire myself. My regret is that they are not leaving behind them Miss Irene Rooke, a tragic actress of power enough to win the admiration of London critics, but not constant employment by London managers. One would have expected her superb performances this summer at the Coronet Theatre to cause a run after her services. However, the question of the choice of leading ladies, if curious and interesting, is not my topic this week—and is not safely discussable by one living within the four seas. There are other repertory theatre companies in the land, such as the famous one of Glasgow, and the younger institution in Liverpool, which will some day make an attack on London.



TO PLAY VICE IN "EVERYWOMAN":
MISS CLARA BECK.

Mr. Arthur Collins is to present the modern morality, "Everywoman," in the autumn. The play, which was illustrated in "The Sketch" at the time, was produced in the United States some while ago. The characters include Everywoman, Modesty, Conscience, Youth, Nobody, Stuff, Vice, Puff, Age, King Love, Vanity, Witless, Passion, Bluff, Self, Dimples, Giggles, Smiles, and Curis. The author, Mr. Walter Browne, died on the eve of the first performance: Mr. Stephen Phillips is preparing the Drury Lane version.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

Why Does London Wait?

Londoners need not despair: We've got the plays, we've got the men, we've got the money, too. Probably one could trace the origins of the invaders to the Stage Society, still flourishing, and to its ancestors, the Independent Theatre and the New Century Theatre. We have had performances by the Stage Society as good as those of the Irish Theatre, or the Horniman Company, and the playwrights are abundant. Mr. Arnold Bennett had to present two plays at the Stage Society, and

became famous as novelist ere London took him up as dramatist, and now all the world is flocking, wisely, to "Milestones." One could give a fairly long list of playwrights discovered by the Societies equal in talent to the authors of the invading plays, but neglected by the actor-managers; whilst the cry of the competent out-of-work player is bitter in the land. It must be recollected, too, that one of the great successes of the season is "Fanny's First Play," which, from every point of view, belongs to the new order of things: indeed, its posters may be regarded as "the orthodox managers shrug their shoulders and say, "After us the Deluge," E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



"THE OLD FARM IN WINTER GARB!" A REAL ICE CARNIVAL ON HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF GARDEN, NEW YORK.

In the centre are Mr. Eddie Basset and Miss Grace Helna, who are assisted by the Misses Vera Rossmore, Dorothy Wallace, Vivian Revell, Harriet Moore, Blanche Nesbit, and Lilian West.—[Photograph by Topical.]

writing upon the wall," and yet the

LEAVES FOR ALL THE WINNERS: HONOURS BORNE ON THE BROW.



CROWNING THE VICTORS: FIRST-PRIZE MEN IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES BEING WREATHED
BY THE KING OF SWEDEN.

The King of Sweden presented the first-prize-winners in the Olympic Games with their wreaths. The second-prize-winners and those who gained third prizes attended at two other platforms—one presided over by the Crown Prince, and the second by Prince Charles. It is of interest to recall, that the Greeks rewarded the victor in the Olympic Games with a wreath of wild olives, the victor in the Pythian Games with a laurel-wreath, the victor in the Nemean Games with a wreath of green parsley, and the victor in the Isthmian Games with a wreath of dry parsley or green pine-leaves. Speaking at the farewell dinner to the athletes, the Crown Prince said: "The history of the Games takes us back into ancient times. We know that the cause of their great popularity among the Greeks was the harmonising effect produced upon their bodies. The idea was gradually lost, but in our days it has been revived. . . . The old Games had a double purpose—to cultivate the individual and make him strong in warfare. The modern Games have also a double purpose—to make a display of power, and also to gain a good understanding and sympathy between the different nations of the world."—[Photograph by C.N.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD and his admirers must beware. During the King's Northern tour the gallant Admiral was the life of all the more dreary interludes. He said the right thing to manager of the works and factory girl; and if a mayor's little daughter had a flower handy, his button-hole was always agape. His fame went before him, and at one large factory the junior partner, seeing, as he thought, Lord Charles unoccupied, detached himself specially to set him going. He showed him everything, told him everything, made fifty openings. At the end of twenty minutes out came a note-book. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said the unsuspected reporter; "but if you don't mind, I'll make my notes at once." The junior partner disappeared behind some machinery. "Verify your celebrities," is now his rule of life.

The King's Way. If the King never bowls except to his sons, and never bats even to their bowling, he is, nevertheless, something of a judge of cricket. Mr. Wallington, Colonel Sir Harry Legge, and Major Clive Wigram, who were in attendance at Lord's, knew nothing he did not know rather better about the game, and he was more intent upon the minutiae of the scene than they. While one of the equerries was standing at his side, his Majesty's quick eye noticed (so the pavilion story goes) that a spectator's view was interrupted. "Legge before wicket," he said, with a smile, and Sir Harry sat down.

For the Old Country. Lord Ellesmere, who is always hearing of the exploits of "that sportsman, your son," will agree that



MOTHER OF A FUTURE DUKE OF WELLINGTON:
THE MARCHIONESS DOURO,
WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A SON
THE OTHER DAY.

The Marchioness Douro, who gave birth to a son the other day, is a daughter of Mr. George Coats, Forest of Glentana, Aberdeenshire, and married the Duke of Wellington's eldest son in March 1909. Her daughter, Lady Anne Maud Wellesley, was born in 1910.—Countess Percy, wife of the Duke of Northumberland's eldest surviving son, was known before her marriage, which took place in 1911, as Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond and Gordon. At the moment of writing there is speculation as to the courtesy title by which her infant son will be known; he may be Lord Warkworth, Lord Lovaine, or Lord Alnwick.—[Photographs by Lillie Charles.]



MOTHER OF A FUTURE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND:
COUNTESS PERCY.

Tokenhouse Yard has confirmed the description. The quarter of a million Lord Brackley paid last week for Lord Polwarth's Berwickshire estates makes the largest transaction of the season in the Yard, and, incidentally, shows that not all the Peerage is taking to its heels. The Earls of Ellesmere have always been good spenders. Charles Greville, writing from Worsley Hall in 1845, says "I came here for the first time, on Monday last, to see the fine new house Francis Egerton [the first Earl] has built. . . . The canal runs beneath, while a little further off, the railroad crosses Chat Moss, and all day long

the barges are visible on the one, and continual trains snort and smoke along the other—a lively exhibition of activity and progress. In such a place as this they have expended £100,000 from a sense of duty and from fully recognising that property has its duties as well as rights."

Pickings. History—of sorts—repeats itself. The papers are full of the expedition about to start for the Cocos Islands in search of treasure. Interesting information is to hand, we are told, that a rival effort is likely to be made to reach the Cocos Islands a fortnight before the ship, with lady leaders aboard, from Plymouth. We who do not go treasure-hunting may be credulous, but Lord Fitzwilliam has his doubts. He, too, went to the Cocos Islands. He, too, had a thought for the treasure there; and it was during blasting operations among the rocks that he received a nasty scalp-wound. That is how in his case the rival expedition came in; and he has not yet wholly dispelled the notion that his wound was received in a deadly encounter with the other party.



ENGAGED TO MR. ALBERT OSCAR HOOD:
MISS MARGERY DIGBY.

Miss Theresa Emily Margery Digby is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. Everard and Lady Emily Digby. Her father is the elder of Lord Digby's two brothers; her mother is a daughter of the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne. Miss Digby was born in 1888. Mr. Hood is the second son of the Hon. Albert Hood, uncle of Viscount Hood. He was born in 1870.—[Photograph by Poole.]



THE HON. LAWRENCE UGHTRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH AND MISS SELINA ADINE BRIDGEMAN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Bridgeman is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman, only brother of the Earl of Bradford, and was born in 1886. Her father was formerly in command of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards. Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth is the elder son of Lord Shuttleworth, and was born in 1887. His father, who was created a Baron in 1902, has held numerous appointments, including those of Under-Secretary of State for India, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange and Lafayette



MISS MARY JACK FROST AND THE HON. NOEL BLIGH, SON OF LORD DARNLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR JULY 24.

Miss Mary Jack Frost is the only daughter of Mrs. Frost, of 8, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge. Mr. Bligh is the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Darnley. Born in 1888, he was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. For a time he was a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own). His brother, Lord Clifton of Rathmore, who is some two years his senior, is unmarried. His father is the eighth Earl of a creation dating from 1725.

Photographs by Lafayette.

"NOW, I PUT IT TO YOU—"



HOW THE PLAINTIFF FELT AFTER AN HOUR'S CROSS-EXAMINATION BY AN EMINENT K.C.,
AND FORTY "REMEMBER YOU'RE ON YOUR OATHS."

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



A PIONEER OF RUSSIAN DANCING IN LONDON: MME. KARSAVINA.

IT was Madame Karsavina, the acknowledged Star among the ladies of the Russian Ballet, who first showed London the wonderful beauty of the art of which she is a mistress. She was the leading member of the first company of Russian dancers who appeared at the Coliseum some three years ago, and entranced the audiences with that very "L'Oiseau de Feu" in which she has been winning further laurels this season at Covent Garden, and with a Pas de Trois, which until that time was a dance form hardly known here.

School Days and After.

Like all the members of the Ballet, Madame Karsavina began her technical education at a very early age. She was only nine when she entered the School of the Imperial Ballet at St. Petersburg. Her father was a distinguished dancer and he had initiated her into the rudiments. Most readers of *The Sketch* are aware that the curriculum of that school is a comprehensive one. It does not limit itself to the technique of dancing, but gives its students a complete education in all the ordinary branches of knowledge, as well as in science, music, and languages, and such necessary arts for grace and deportment as fencing and gymnastics. Madame Karsavina availed herself to the utmost of the opportunities offered her and proved herself a zealous as well as an apt pupil. After she had made her début, which she did in an interpolated Pas de Deux in the ballet of "Javotte," she continued her studies under Professor Johansen, who was then a very old man and had been a pupil of a pupil of the great Vestris. Then she went to Italy in order to study under Madame Baretta, one of the most celebrated professors of dancing

there, after which she returned to St. Petersburg to study with Madame Sokolava, a great dancer particularly renowned for grace of movement. Even now, when she stands at the head of her profession, Madame Karsavina never allows a day to go by without having a lesson from Signor Cecchetti, who is himself an old member of the company, and is as great a mime as he was a dancer in his younger days. In this way Madame Karsavina seeks to perfect still more the perfection of her technique. What would our young leading ladies on the stage say if it were suggested that they should follow the example of Madame Karsavina and take lessons from an older member of the profession in order to acquire a greater mastery of technique and a finer and firmer use of their resources? There would probably be an outcry of offended dignity which would find an echo in every theatre in the West End of London.

Russian Tours with Lydia Kyasht.

It did not take Madame Karsavina long to demonstrate her peculiar fitness for her work. Within the first year after her début she was given solos in the big classical three and four act ballets which, until a few years

The day Madame Karsavina entered the Imperial School of the Ballet, another little girl, named Lydia Kyasht—now the Star of the Empire ballets—also went into it for the first time. They were the same age, and they became great friends. Mlle. Kyasht had a brother who was also a dancer. After the two young girls had made their début he formed a little company and took them on tour to certain of the big towns like Odessa, and afterwards to smaller places. Later, when the embargo was withdrawn prohibiting the artists of the ballet from appearing abroad, Madame Karsavina was one of the first to be engaged for touring in foreign countries. One of her earliest experiences was eminently disconcerting. When she arrived at Prague to appear at the leading theatre during the exposition which was being held there, all her luggage went astray. At that time, she could not speak a word of German, so that until an interpreter could be found who knew French, which she speaks with the perfection of a Frenchwoman, Madame Karsavina was in a condition of dumb despair, as she could not make known her loss. Eventually, however, the matter was taken up by the proprietor of the hotel in which she was staying, and her belongings were restored to her in due course.

A New Genre in Ballet.

A few years ago a revolutionary genius appeared on the scene of the dance in the person of M. Fokine. He saw that the time was ripe for a new genre in ballet—more plastic than the old form, but still retaining all that was best in that which previously held sway. Among the great dancers to whom this new form appealed were Madame Karsavina and M. Nijinski. With their aid and that of their associates, M. Fokine has built up a fine repertoire, to which additions are constantly being made, so that even now we have not seen all the dances he has created. While in St. Petersburg, Madame Karsavina still appears in all the old repertoire, which includes "Le Corsair" (founded on Byron's poem), "Le Lac des Cygnes," "La Belle au Bois Dormant," "Giselle," etc. Away from the Imperial Theatre she appears for the most part in the new repertoire, which includes "Eunice," "Carnaval," "La Nuit d'Egypte," "Islame," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Chloe," "Narcisse et Echo," "Thamar," "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Scheherazade," and "Petruska," etc., etc. It would be difficult to say whether these find greater favour in London, Paris, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, the four cities to which the performances of Madame Karsavina, she being a member of M. Daiglelew's company, are restricted. She has become a cosmopolitan, so that she has been heard to say with a smile that when she goes back to St. Petersburg she feels as if she were merely a visitor in the city which is her home. So far, all the many attempts which have been made to induce her to go to America have been futile, for she dreads the crossing, and her fear has not been diminished by the *Titanic* disaster. What is America's loss is Europe's gain.



IN THE "GUIDE TO PARIS" REVUE, Mlle. IRENE BORDONI, who is at the ALHAMBRA.

Mlle. Irene Bordoni, the celebrated Parisian singer and mimic from the Théâtre des Capucines, Paris, is making her first appearances in England in the "Guide to Paris" revue at the Alhambra Theatre. She is impersonating Regina Badet, Karsavina, Napierkowska, and many other celebrities.

Photograph by Bert.

ago, formed the repertoire at St. Petersburg and Moscow. At that time, the members of the Imperial Ballet were never allowed to appear out of Russia. To gain experience, however, she took engagements with small companies which went through the provinces.



ASSISTED BY EIGHT PRETTY "FIGURINES": Mlle. SUZY DEGUEZ, who is appearing at the ALHAMBRA.

Mlle. Suzy Deguez, who is making her first appearances in England at the Alhambra Theatre, is a very graceful poseuse and danseuse and gives a charming series of rhythmic attitudes and dances, in which she is assisted by eight pretty figurines. Her dances include "Vision Rouge," "L'Art Nouveau," and "Pastorale XVIII Siècle."

Photograph by Bert.

"AND A SCORNFUL LAUGH LAUGHED HE!"



THE MEAGRE VISITOR: Do you have many wrecks here?

THE FACETIOUS FISHERMAN: You're the first I've seen this season.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

WHERE TO KEEP COOL: THE TERRACE OF THE "HOUSE," WITH REFLECTIONS THEREON.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

WHERE to keep cool, politics notwithstanding, is on the Parliamentary Terrace after dinner; though those silly men, alias M.P.s, do not at all make the most of it. They ought to have a band there and flowers and a little more light. The band (with guitars and mandolines) should be subdued and invisible. It might be stowed away in one of the dungeons of the House, or again, in a barge on the river. Soothing fragments of serenade would be wafted into the very Chamber, filling the breast of the most hardened and least polite of politicians with good accord and harmony. I assume that it must be true of some people, the proverb about music improving morals. As for me myself, it does not; in fact, quite the contrary: it has upon me the effect of some diabolical serum—a serum concocted with sun, champagne, ball-room microbes, and sea-water from a wave that breaks on your back. Music—and I want to be up and doing; I don't know what exactly, things that Austen would be sure not to approve of. And nothing will change my conviction that the rhythm of a waltz is the beating of the Devil's pulse!

Then as to flowers, they should be voluptuously scented ones to go with the Tzigane music—tuberose (the flower whose breath carries you on to a beatific indifference as to whether you live or die), orange-blossom, jasmine, and carnation. The perfume of the carnation is not so much voluptuous as savage; it is clear and cruel, like the thrust of a blade. If one could inhale a dagger, it would smell like a carnation. Then the lights should not be so funereal. I am not selfish; the fact that Austen is always on my heels is no reason why I should wish to do away altogether with the favourable-to-flirt obscurity. No, there might be nice, velvety corners on the Terrace for girls, or women not so much married as myself (or longer married) with bowers of propitious palms and sofas and cushions. The chairs now in use might be improved upon! But there should be enough light for one to be seen. What is the good of looking one's best if one can only be guessed at? For a woman is always at her best in the evening. She is a little tired with the pleasures of the day, which lends languid perversity to her grace; and then, of course, there is the low frock. This is the only instance in which the law of compensation really works—the less of the frock, the more of the woman.

A poetical M.P. (I believe they must all be poetical. Does not he who is led into politics walk between Illusion and Hope?—the illusion that Parliament is an arena in which the valorous wins, the hope that he may be of use to his constituents—well, a man who at his

majority still retains both hope and illusion is either a poet or a *crétin*.) Where was I? Ah, yes, a particularly poetical M.P., to whom I was clamouring for light, more light, said, "Oh, no, leave us to imagine, leave us to create beauty out of shadow; all those women who pass us in the dark are houris. Look, they do not walk, they glide."

"A pity, then, that darkness cannot also idealise sound, for houris don't discuss Lord's and Henley," I said—I have no patience with imaginative men; they might sit elbow to elbow with nice realities and never realise them—"and houris don't glide any more than they; stalk, that's what you meant. They merely dance inside smoke-rings or recline on fat clouds, close cousins to pillows. If we had more light we could see the faces of those women who pass, and their hair, and their skin, and their young eyes, and their jewels—in a word, their best. As it is, we can only see their silhouette and their slouch."

"They certainly have convex backs," my poetical friend sighed regretfully, which reminded me of a description I read lately in the papers—you, too, no doubt—of a missing girl for whom friends were inquiring. The description was of a rather commonplace personality, but ended by this significant detail which made me smile—"Holds herself erect." So, if you, 'cute readers, should in a long day's journey come across a female holding herself normally be sure it is that missing girl!

"As for me," I resumed, "not possessing your complex point of view, I'd rather see a handsome Englishman under a good light than——"

"At midnight in a dark alley in Whitechapel?"

"Don't be silly. There are no Englishmen there. Whitechapel is the foster-fatherland of foreigners."

Just then "The Father of the House" came up and said some nice things about foreigners in general and Frenchwomen in particular, but I cannot repeat them because, by a not at all strange coincidence, I happen to be that particular Frenchwoman. What an absurd convention that prevents one from gourmandising aloud the honeyed things said about one! Conversation would otherwise become inexhaustible. Does that sound vain? Yet, I possess that most uncomfortable of virtues—humility. Hear me, rather, repeat the hard, nasty thing one critic said of me. He said that now I was married I was more objectionable than formerly! Well, of course, what did he expect? A girl can't pass through marriage and remain just as she was before, because, to begin with——

Austen says I had better leave it at that.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. ALEXANDER CADOGAN, YOUNGEST SON OF EARL CADOGAN; LADY THEODOSIA ACHESON, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF GOSFORD.

Mr. Alexander Cadogan, who was born in 1884, is a Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service. Lady Theodosia Acheson is the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gosford, and was born in 1882.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO SEÑOR MITJIE, SON OF THE DUKE OF SANTONA; LADY VICTORIA PERY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

Lady Victoria was born in 1893.—[Photograph by Poole.]

THE QUEEN OF NODS AND BECKS AND — PIROUETTES.



THE DEVOURER OF STRANGERS: THAMAR (MME. TAMARA KARSAVINA).

Mme. Karsavina is perfection itself in "Thamar." With regard to the plot of the ballet, we cannot do better than quote a "Times" description: "We were transplanted once more to unreality — this time to the unreality of Lermontoff's poem about Queen Thamar, which inspired Balakirew to write the symphonic poem which is now given mimetically on the stage. The action is very simple. The Queen looks out of the castle window and signals to a wandering stranger outside to come in. Once he is in he falls a captive to her beauty, and dances with her and her suite with ever-increasing ecstasy, till at the climax he receives a dagger in his heart at her hands and is hurled into the river. Thamar's passion satisfied, she returns languidly to her couch; another stranger is seen beneath the castle walls; she signals to him to approach, and so — *da capo*." — [From the Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.]



CELEBRITIES OF THREE DECADES: A CLUBMAN'S REMINISCENCES.

WHEN a man has been a member of forty-six clubs, many of which he has been instrumental in founding, has produced over forty plays, and during thirty years of crowded London life has organised some five hundred entertainments, his friendships are likely to be numerous, if, in the nature of things, they can hardly all be described as deep. Such reflections are suggested by the delightful reminiscences of Mr. Luther Munday, who has indeed in his life played many parts, among other things as one of the founders of the People's Palace, as Secretary of the Lyric Club from 1887 to 1893, and as theatrical manager, artist, and sculptor. In his youth he served as a volunteer naval gunner, and as a volunteer member successively of the London Fire Brigade and of the Thames Police, in the latter capacity having some gruesome experiences in picking up bodies of the "one more unfortunate" type of suicide, and in tracking smugglers.

Adah Menken
as Mazeppa and
Inspired of
Swinburne.

Even before these days he had been imbued with the interests of town. "On my tenth birthday, I think, I began my London. Someone took me to Astley's. I went behind the scenes and spoke to Adah Menken [sic] and saw her as Mazeppa strapped to a well-trained wild horse, in nothing but the flimsiest tights. The horse immediately bolted away through fire and water and carried with it this most beautiful woman. It was the sensation of the year, certainly of my year, for in 1867 I first knew love of form, a greater joy to me than love of colour, and I am deeply grateful to Miss Menken for awakening or creating this dormant sense. . . . Adah Menken inspired Swinburne's unsurpassed song, his immortal 'Dolores' lyric, 'Our Lady of Pain' (the first line having reference to Adah's seven matrimonial trials). . . . One of these 'seven sorrows' was Heenan, who fought Tom Sayers . . . in Kent."

King George, as a "Middy," in Ceylon.

The foregoing extract is typical of the book and of the author's outlook on life: of his rapid transition from one interest to another, of the kaleidoscopic shifting of impressions. The result is dazzling if a trifle breathless; but, at any rate, it leaves the reader no time to be bored. No one, in fact, could possibly be anything but amused and interested by such an amazing wealth of anecdote and reminiscence, of witty sayings and brilliant personalities. The index, by the way, contains between six and seven hundred well-known names, mostly

of people with whom the author has associated. In 1880, at the age of twenty-three, Mr. Munday married Miss Mabel English, who came of a family of soldiers and sailors—one of them commanded the English fleet in the war with America. After the wedding, they went to Ceylon, and there they met Princes Albert Victor and George, then midshipmen, at a ball. "During the evening the Admiral granted them shore leave for an hour. The leave was

extended, and the ball lasted four hours, and Prince George (our present King) honoured Mrs. Munday with a dance." Mr. Munday again met the Princes at an elephant kraal arranged in their honour in 1882. "After the kraal, Captain Evan Thomas (brother of my old friend, Owen), I think it was, brought T.R. Highnesses to our little improvised bungalow, and they chatted and smoked and set us completely at our ease. That was the end of our week at Kraal Town, and I may as well make it the end of this chapter, for soon after, in 1884, I was thrown from my horse, got concussion of the brain, and lay between life and death till I was able to go home."

Achilles Among the Maidens. Thenceforward London is the scene of Mr. Munday's friendships, and it would seem that during the twenty-eight years the narrative covers, there have been few notable people with whom he has not been acquainted. Of all he has something interesting to say. Of Oscar Wilde, for instance, we learn that his mother, Lady Wilde, being disappointed

at his birth that he was not a girl, "treated him for ten whole years as if he had been her daughter, carrying out this treatment in every detail of dress, habit, and companions." Achilles among the maidens over again! Little wonder if, as Mr. Munday points out, "this

unfortunate and self-sufficient genius . . . instead of being a normal healthy man, resembled a neurotic woman." Of the author of "Salomé" it is also recorded that "I never remember during three years, where his daily sayings rippled forth at the Lyric, that he uttered a word that I could not reproduce in these Memoirs." An unpublished poem by Oscar Wilde, addressed to Mr. Munday, is reproduced in facsimile among the illustrations, which include many autographs, and clever portrait-sketches by the author. Mr. Munday is catholic in his admirations: "That great soul, William

Ewart Gladstone, was traduced by his political enemies because, in the face of the unwritten law of convention, he was seen trying to reform a lady in the Burlington Arcade in the broad daylight." One could go on indefinitely retailing such *obiter narrata* from this most fascinating "chronicle," but space forbids. Enough has been given, perhaps, to send readers to the fountain-head.



SKIMMING THE SANDS NEAR SCHEVENINGEN: A LAND-YACHT RUNNING AT FULL SPEED ON THE DUTCH COAST.

Photograph by Haackel.



A VISIT TO THE "EXILE": THE GERMAN EMPEROR CALLS UPON HIS ELDEST SON AT DANTZIC. When the German Crown Prince was appointed to command the famous Death's-head Hussars at Dantzic, there were those who said that he had been, in a manner, exiled there by his father. Such a photograph as this does not help to substantiate that story. The group shows: (1) the German Emperor, (2) the German Crown Prince, (3) Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, (4) the German Crown Princess, (5) Prince Adalbert of Prussia.—[Photograph by Seimecke and Gross.]

* "A Chronicle of Friendships." By Luther Munday. (London: T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

BRITAIN'S SANDY MEN!



"DARING ABDUCTION OF A SOCIETY BEAUTY AT WESTGATE-ON-SEA."—REPORTED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE HOMECOMING.

By VANCE PALMER.

WE had left the Canary Islands far behind, and there was no port between us and Plymouth, so a restless feeling ran through the little groups that had gathered daily in the smoking-room to talk about Kaffirs and Chinese coolies and play bridge at tenpence a hundred.

There were four of us who had met at the same table every day since we left Cape Town, though nothing held us together except a disinclination for deck-games and the ceaseless round of sports. Even bridge began to weary now. Dacres, a short, tubby man who always wore white shoes and a yachting-cap, began to talk rather sentimentally about his little girl whom he had not seen for three years; he leant over with his arms on the table after we had finished our last game and jerked out inconsequent phrases, his small, watery eyes glistening through the cigar-smoke—

"Six last January, she was. And the very image of her mother. I wish I could show you some of the letters she writes."

In the intervals of his monologue, Merton, a thin, dull-eyed boy from the Rand, began to rhapsodise about a music-hall that summed up all the glitter of London for him, and, leaning back in his chair, he whistled some bars of a catchy song, as if it made some mysterious appeal to his soul. I leaned over towards Calvert, who was sitting with his hands in his pockets, and said flippantly—

"Well, and what does home mean to you, Calvert?"

He started slightly, as if someone had touched the nerve of an aching tooth. All the voyage I had been baffled by the air of mystery and detachment that he seemed to cast over himself; if he spoke at all it was about the weather or the day's run, and he played cards as if the future of the race depended on his carefulness. Although we slept in the same cabin, he had never grown friendly or intimate, and there was something almost exasperating about his polite reserve.

It had awakened a curiosity in the rest of us, and even Merton stopped whistling to hear his reply.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with some embarrassment. "It's the sort of thing that doesn't go very easily into words."

The unrest in his eyes communicated itself in a queer way to all of us, as if a chord had been struck that was out of harmony with the mood of the moment. There was a strained silence, and as soon as it was decently possible we began talking of other things; but the obvious uneasiness in Calvert's manner could be felt like something physically oppressive. His long, brown, sensitive face, with its introspective eyes, seemed to haunt us and make all our trivialities appear forced and unnatural. We broke up early on the plea of going to bed.

I was ready to undress when Calvert came in, his face pale, and a painful nervousness in all his movements. He stood for a moment looking out of the porthole, and then turned suddenly—

"It's going to be hot to-night," he said. "I don't think it will be easy to sleep. Would you care to walk for a while?"

I assented, and we went out on deck. It was a warm, close evening, and the sky was a purple curve pricked with faint stars. For two lengths of the deck we walked in silence, and then Calvert said in a strange voice—

"I think I want to talk to-night, and talking isn't very easy for me. There are some things I've wanted to tell someone for a long while, and yet it would be easier to cut off a finger than to speak of them at all. But the way you asked me to-night what home meant to me made me feel you guessed something, and your face is not unlike Herriott's."

He peered at me closely under the dim deck-lights, and his eyes took on a strange, tortured look.

"Herriott?" I said gruffly—"never heard of him."

"He was a mate of mine," he said slowly. "It's of him I want to talk. Sit down here for a while, and I'll tell you the whole story. You see, we had known each other since we were boys, and though he was a little younger than I was, he took the lead in most things, for he was headlong and adventurous, and I was cautious and lacking in initiative. Even as youngsters we depended a lot on one another, and learnt to lean on each other's qualities a little: he would come to me for advice on anything important, though he rarely took it when it was given, for he could never act on anything but his own impulses.

"There came a time when we didn't see much of one another. I had wanted him to go through a course of mining engineering with me, but he threw it up after the first few months, and busied himself with a lot of worthless inventions. He had never the patience to make anything quite perfect; he grew tired of his idea as soon as it had taken any sort of shape, and there was always something new in his mind that jostled the object in his hand out of his thoughts. There was nothing orderly about his imagination or his habits, and it was that which kept him from succeeding.

"I said we didn't see much of each other for a while, though we hadn't dumb pens, and letters kept us pretty much in touch. I was abroad for a while on the Gold Coast, and there were other things. It isn't easy to forget the night we met again; there are some times that stand out in the memory with a ridiculous vividness of irrelevant detail. This was at a little restaurant, and I can remember every line and curve of the face of the waiter who served us, and the queer pattern of the wall-paper. I had asked Herriott to meet the girl I was going to marry."

He stopped, and the touch of irony that twisted his face seemed to enter his voice and shape his words.

"It's not difficult to guess what happened," he went on. "These things always run on much the same lines. Herriott was a man who never looked where he was going till something pulled him up suddenly with a jerk, and in this case that didn't happen until it was too late. Of course, she was bound to love him, and the thing filled up the whole of his world for the time being. I could talk the matter over pretty calmly with him after a while, and I suppose the very fact of that led him to believe I didn't care.

"It was a year later that we met again. I had been out in Kalgoorlie for some months when he appeared, desperately anxious to make some money quickly, and with all sorts of wild schemes in his brain. Some old prospector had put into his head the idea that there was rich country about a hundred miles to the south, and he wanted me to go with him. His enthusiasm was always enough to carry anyone off his feet, and he talked as if his whole life depended on this venture. It was the first time he had realised the importance of money, I think, and I could guess what made him so eager.

"Well, we went. Neither of us had any knowledge of the country, and we only took two horses and a pack. It was as insane an expedition as anyone ever undertook, but the glamour that Herriott threw over it carried even me away: he had a tremendous power of inspiring everyone with whatever idea he happened to have in his head at the moment, and I think by this time he had forgotten that he had ever been anything but my friend. He could

[Continued overleaf.]

NOT ON JOY DAY!



NOT EXACTLY A LOVE SET: EMBARRASSING POSITION OF THE CLUB'S WORST PLAYERS, WHO ARE OCCUPYING THE ONLY COURT, AND CANNOT FINISH THEIR GAME.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE HOST: It's beginning to rain; you'd better stay to dinner.

THE GUEST: Oh, thanks very much; but it's not bad enough for that.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

even talk quite simply to me about Irene, and sketch out the life they would lead together if we struck it rich.

"Things didn't go badly at first. We kept pretty well to beaten tracks, and there was always water to be had at the different camel-soaks. Then we pushed further south, and everything began to go wrong. The pack-horse fell lame, and we had to leave it behind; every day we found it harder to get water, and our food was giving out, yet I couldn't persuade Herriott to turn back, till it was too late.

"I think he had had a touch of fever on him for some time, but it didn't show until we began to suffer from thirst. If we had been bushmen we might have found water, but we didn't know where to look for it. You know the kind of country it is—low sand-hills fringed with saltbush and withered stubble. It was when Herriott's horse went down that we realised for the first time how hopeless our position was. And all the time there was the infernal heat tearing our nerves to rags and making us mad with thirst.

"I suppose I must have been mad. I had lived too long with one thought to let me keep sane, and with death staring me in the face, all that Herriott had brought upon me seemed to rise up and make me hate him. It was he that had robbed me of the woman I loved; it was he who had tempted me out into the desert. Against that background of brazen sky and scorching sand there seemed something sinister in his cheery smile and boyish optimism. I remembered how he had come into the restaurant that night, all aglow with a new idea he had been working out, and how Irene's eyes had rested on his face when he talked.

"He must have made allowance for the madness that had taken hold of me, for he only winced a little when I flung the facts in his face. I know that I talked with an insane rush of words, and that every phrase carried a bite. Even now I can see his face as he sat there that evening on a saddle-cloth spread in the sand, his eyes looking dreamily into the fire, and all the energy gone from his body. And I remember glancing nervously at the horse that was hobbled near by, and weighing up my chances of getting back.

"Of course, next morning he persuaded me to go; I allowed him to persuade me. He hadn't the strength to walk, and he talked convincingly about my chance of striking one of the main routes and getting someone to come back for him. But it was only make-believe with both of us, and I dared not look him in the eyes. He tried to hide what he was suffering from thirst and fever, and I gave him glib reassurances as I mounted and rode away. When I looked back he was lying on his side trying to put together the springs of a watch. . . .

"That's about all. I struck water about two days after, and

intended to return—before God, I intended to return, but I couldn't find my own tracks, and was afraid to face the prospect of getting lost again. And then the thought of the woman he had robbed me of began to hammer itself on my brain as if trying to find a justification for me. I was raving when some prospectors found me, and it was some weeks before I could tell them coherently about Herriott. They went out to look for him and—buried him in the sand."

Calvert stopped and his hands moved nervously. For a while there was silence, and his eyes had a haunted look as they gazed out to sea. Then suddenly he clutched my wrist convulsively, and said in a thick voice—

"I'm a coward. I can't face her eyes."

He seemed to be asleep when I rose next morning, and I tried not to arouse him, for his face had a twisted pain about it as if he were haunted in his dreams. I did not come back to the cabin till an hour after breakfast, and then I found it locked and people whispering in the corridor. There was the same air of mystery in the smoking-room, for it was a little boat, and everybody knew everyone else.

From chance remarks I gathered that Calvert had been seized with heart-failure and had been taken to the hospital. No one was allowed to see him, and he had no friends on board except the three of us who played cards with him daily. By noon the flag at the

stern was running half-mast high, and before the sun set that evening there was a little service on the poop, and his body was slipped over into the sea.

It was only then that I could get an audience with the doctor.

"Heart-failure? No," he said quietly.

"He seems to have carried a little bottle about in his waist-coat pocket, but there is no need for people to know that, and it might only disturb his friends. I can guess what the trouble was from a few words I heard him speak, and from this photograph I found he had in his hand."

He showed me the picture of a brown-haired girl, whose eager, bright, laughing eyes seemed ready to be attracted by whatever joys the passing moment offered. There was an almost breathless vivacity about the young face: it was like the vision of a young spirit on tiptoe to catch the colours of the rainbow. When the illustrated papers came aboard at Plymouth I saw her face again. Studying it closely, one could easily imagine how it would haunt those two men in the desert, with its hints of life and permanent joy. Beside it on the glossy page was the rather stupid, good-humoured face of the man she had just married—a man with whitening hair, a new baronetcy, and a fortune made in pickles.

THE END.



THE VOGUE OF THE REPTILE: POSSIBLE SUCCESSORS OF THE POM AND THE PEKINGESE!

Our Artist indicates some of the strange results which may be expected to ensue from the present craze for pets of the reptile variety, which show a tendency to oust the toy dog from the affections of fashionable dames.

DRAWN BY LAURIE HAYTER.



ON THE LINKS

JOINING THE LADIES: MISS CECIL LEITCH'S FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP, AND L.G.U. FINANCE.

The French Lady Champion.

There are some golfers in the land who feel that, having now got through the sternest and severest part of the competition season, it will be nice for a little while, in these doggy days of languor and slack shots, to join or rejoin the ladies, of whom we who have been mixing ourselves up with other big events have heard too little of late, although, with their Scottish and other championships and the splendidly successful *Lady's Pictorial* competition, they have been exceedingly busy. Just when one came to think in this way, up rose the French Ladies' Championship into full view, and, following the lead that had been set by the other two French events that took place a few days previously, the ladies in France made a much bigger thing of this competition than had ever been made of it before. With Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Cecil Leitch entered and getting into the final, it rose at once to be a tournament of great interest. Miss Leitch was keen on winning, for despite her brilliance, she had no championship to her credit, which seemed absurd, and it was said that in practice rounds at Le Touquet before the meeting began she did a round that was only one over the par of the course. It all worked out most beautifully for the final between her and Miss Ravenscroft, and at last the Carlisle player triumphed over her rival, and that in no uncertain way, in a thirty-six holes match. After this there is very little left on the competition programme for the remainder of the season until the autumn meetings come on. There are rumours concerning possible British competitors for the American Ladies' Championship; but what there is in them remains to be seen.

The L.G.U. Year Book.

But in this present mood one comes to fulfil a little task and pleasure that have been so long delayed. When I was leaving Turnberry one of the kind officers of the L.G.U. slipped into my hands what it was expected would be some light reading for the journey back to London. It was the book with the familiar cover, but thicker than ever, entitled "The Ladies' Golf Union Official Year Book for 1912," edited by Mrs. Miller (the hon. secretary). What a wonderful thing is this annual, and what a tale it does tell of the greatness of the L.G.U., and of its marvellous organisation and of the splendid loyalty, perseverance, and industry of its officials, with Mrs. Miller at their head! This year it consists of 924 pages, and, as sure as we read, it will reach the thousand next year. There are more clubs all the time, more lady golfers, and there are more coming into the Union in a ceaseless stream, realising that they lose everything by being out of it. This is the eighteenth time this volume has been issued, and Mrs. Miller's



CAPTAIN OF THE SANDY LODGE GOLF CLUB, NORTHWOOD, HERTS.: CAPTAIN THE HON. RONALD GRAHAM MURRAY.

Captain Murray, who lives at Glen Chess, Rickmansworth, is in the 3rd Battalion Black Watch (Royal Highlanders). He is Lord Dunedin's only son, and married a daughter of Sir David Baird. Captain Murray is a first-rate golfer; his handicap varies from scratch to plus 1.

Photograph by Milne.



PRESIDENT OF THE WEST NORTH DEVON GOLF CLUB, WESTWARD HO! CAPTAIN G. E. PRIDEAUX-BRUNE. Captain Prideaux-Brune, who was formerly in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, is a plus 2 man at Westward Ho!

Photograph by Puddicombe.

Whitehall way. Some day I shall try to find out something about it. In the meantime, more congratulations, millions of them. The ladies have had a very wonderful season, but next year the L.G.U. celebrates its coming-of-age, and it will do it at Lytham and St. Anne's, where it was born. There will be great happenings then.

introductory statement is rather more noteworthy than usual, for it refers to a new epoch in the management of affairs that has just begun. She tells us that in these pages eighty more clubs than last year are listed. This increase in numbers necessitated more secretarial help; hence a larger office. Just as they were wondering what to do they got the chance of forming a Lady Golfers' Club in London. For many years this had been a dream—a room for meetings, a place where they could arrange matches, talk over golfing affairs, read the news, and have the means at hand for supplying information on courses, clubs, and other matters to all who were in need of it. This dream, much improved upon, has come true. They have a thoroughly luxurious club, with bedrooms, handsome dining, reading, reception, and other rooms, and, indeed, the whole caboodle of a good club all complete. I know because I have been there, and at two guineas a year this is a marvellously cheap club, too. The membership is being rapidly taken up, and it is expected that before the summer is out the declared number of 500 will be complete, and then an entrance-fee will be exacted.

Saved by the Union.

Mrs. Miller also tells us that with the increase of work and her own partial absence from town the Executive Committee became a necessity. She thinks that even had she remained in town altogether the responsibilities would have been far too great for the shoulders of one person, but yet we have all exceeding difficulty in remembering the L.G.U. task to which Mrs. Miller was not very fully equal. So the L.G.U. adds constantly to its own perfection, and at the present time, I feel sure that there is no organisation in connection with any sport or game that is better done. When one comes to peer and pry into the affairs of the Union as they are disclosed in some parts of this Year Book, it is impossible to avoid noticing that it has now an income of something like £700 a year, and that, with its investments and cash in hand, it has £999 5s. 2½d. saved. That is as nearly a thousand of the best and brightest as can be, and one would like to know what the L.G.U. means to do with these savings. It cannot go on saving for ever; it is so unnecessary and futile. Then, what? I only put it in question form, because you may depend upon it there is some gigantic scheme being slowly hatched down



WINNER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF TOURNAMENT: MR. ANGUS V. HAMBRO, M.P.

Mr. Hambro, who beat Mr. Fred Hall, M.P. for Dulwich, by 8 and 6 in the final 36-hole match, is M.P. for South Dorset. He owed 4, while Mr. Hall received 14.—[Photo. L.N.A.]

CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL PORT-RUSH GOLF CLUB: COLONEL J. M. MCCALMONT, M.P.

Colonel McCalmont has been M.P. (C.) for East Antrim since 1885. His recreations include not only golf, but coursing, shooting, and racing.

Photograph by Dickinson.



DOES BATHING IMPROVE THE FIGURE? — NOT TO THE EYE!



BENT RAYS AS DISGUISERS OF BEAUTY: A CURIOUS EFFECT OF REFRACTION PHOTOGRAPHED —
A FAMOUS LADY SWIMMER IN THE WATER.



"DWARFED!" AN ILLUSION CAUSED BY REFRACTION — IN ONE OF THE LADIES' SWIMMING-BATHS AT BUXTON.

Our photographs illustrate in remarkable manner the way in which refraction can disguise beauty by giving it strange, distorted appearance for the moment. Under the bent rays, the most charming faces and figures seem to lose their shape; just as they do, in different fashion, when reflected by concave or convex mirrors. For the benefit of those not "up" in optics, it may be well to give a dictionary definition of refraction: "If a disturbance pass from one medium to another, the direction of propagation generally undergoes a sudden change; the ray is turned through an angle at the point where it meets the surface of separation of the two media. This bending, or change of direction, is termed refraction." The definition of a ray is: "The line along which the disturbance produced in any form of wave motion travels. Thus a ray of light may be regarded either as a line along which light travels, or as a normal to the wave front."—[Photographs by Topical.]



RACES AND REBATES; AN EXCITING FINISH AND THE "SHRINE OF THE EXCISEMAN."

The Standard Car Race.

Those who journeyed as far afield as Brooklands on Tuesday, 16th inst., and were moved to oburgate when they viewed the shrunken field for the Standard Car Race, remained to bless when treated to so great a race as was eventually witnessed between Mr. G. Usmar's 80 mm. by 110 mm. Gladiator and Mr. G. Herbert's 90 mm. by 130 mm. Singer in this same event. This race, for four-cylinder cars with a rating of not more than 15.9 horse power, was promoted by the R.A.C. for the first time last year, and was then won by a

Dunlop Tyres a Great Factor.

If finishes like that which ensued between the Gladiator and the Singer cars above referred to could be ensured with something like frequency, the attendances at Brooklands would go up by leaps and bounds; but it is not probable that we shall soon again see a race of 277 miles in length fought out to the last—indeed, hanging in the balance over the whole of the last circuit, and then only won in the last mile by four-fifths of a second. But it should be noted that both the first and the second cars were running on Dunlop tyres, which gave neither of them any trouble, the single stop of the Gladiator being for a little water only, and the stops of the Singer for water and exhaust-pipe repairs. It is interesting to note that while the average speed of the Star car that won last year was 56½ miles an hour, that of the Singer this year was only a little over a mile an hour faster. The fastest car in the race, however, was the S.C.A.R., which covered one lap at a speed of 68.22 miles an hour.



DRIVEN BY AN AERIAL PROPELLER: THE "WINGED" MOTOR-CAR, WHICH HAS ATTAINED SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

An excellent account of this new car, which recently accomplished a 320-mile run, from Paris to Lyons, is given by the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Mail." He writes: "The motor-car is propelled by means of a two-bladed wing-propeller, constructed on the principle of the action of a bird's wing, and attached to a shaft at the rear of the car. The propeller is 45 in. in diameter, and is protected by a cage. Its maximum number of revolutions is 2200 per minute. . . . The motor, a 4-cylinder, controls a shaft running the whole length of the body, with a chain transmission rotating the wing-propeller at the rear. The wheels of the car run free. . . . The change of speed is simply regulated by the acceleration or diminution of the speed of the motor. . . . The time for the run of 320 miles from Paris to Lyons was 19 hours 30 min., from which 8 hours 6 min. must be deducted for stoppages. . . . At certain points the speed exceeded sixty miles an hour."

Photograph by G.N.

Star car driven by Mr. C. Cathie; Mr. G. Tysoe, on a Singer, being second. The race was won in 4 hrs. 55 min. 9 1-5 sec.—equal to an average speed of 56½ miles an hour. The success of this race promised well for this year's event, but, for reasons best known to themselves, the R.A.C. refrained from publishing the conditions of the competition until about three weeks before the date set down for its decision. If the object of this was to avoid the entry of anything extra-standard, it does not appear to have had the desired result, seeing that two Stars and one Straker-Squire were ruled out at the start.

An Anglo-French Struggle.

Then the public were disappointed to find that the two Sunbeams had been scratched on the ground that they were too low-g geared; but, low-g geared or not, their average speed in the Coupe de L'Auto, compared with the average speed in which this Standard Car Race was won, looks as if, bar accidents, they would have had the race at their mercy. As it was, the contest became ultimately a duel à outrance between the Singer, driven by Mr. Haywood, and the Gladiator so pluckily handled by Mr. Gordon Usmar. Had the Singer car equalled the regular running of the Gladiator, she would have won in a somewhat hollow fashion, as, when going, she was, roughly, some two miles an hour faster than the French car; but the Singer made stops for water more than once, and twice stopped to secure an exhaust-pipe that had come adrift. By the fact, then, of the Gladiator stopping but once, this car was able to make a grand fight with her higher-powered and lower-g geared rival, inasmuch as she suffered defeat by four-fifths of a second only.

Difficulties for Doctors.

So soon as a man obtains place, and is invested with some brief authority, the fact that he is a public servant, and remunerated for his services by the public, appears altogether to escape him. He at once becomes the bureaucrat and assumes bureaucratic manners. Red tape is the breath of his nostrils, and without forms and ordinances he is a lost soul. In no connection has this been more evident than in the matter of the rebate on the petrol-tax permitted to medical men by an inexplicable stroke of Lloyd Georgian generosity. What the law has given on one hand its officials, blistering with officialism, have sought to take away on the other. In other words, they have made the process of obtaining this rebate as difficult and as unpleasant as possible to the bulk of medical men. At one time it was not sufficient to exhibit the receipts for money paid for petrol—it was necessary that proof of the duty having been paid should also be provided. Of course, this foolishness was knocked on the head, but other methods to annoy were ready to hand. Awhile since, the attention of the Royal Automobile Club was called by a member who is a doctor to the practice of the Customs authorities requiring claims for rebate in respect of petrol duty to be made before a Customs officer. It was pointed out by the doctor that this practice was particularly inconvenient to many members of the profession, inasmuch as the hour of attendance of the Customs officer for the purpose of taking the declarations was between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, at which time most doctors were fully occupied with their patients. The Club made representations to the Board of Customs and Excise that so inconvenient and



THE FLYING FRENCH SOLDIERS' FLAG; THE REGIMENTAL COLOUR OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS. PRESENTED ON THE DAY OF THE NATIONAL FÊTE.

The colour was handed to the Army Air Corps by the President. Simultaneously, a thousand carrier-pigeons were released.—[Photograph by Nouvelle Agency.]

arrogant a practice should be done away with. The Board intimate that no objection will be raised in future to members of the public being relieved of attendance at the shrine of the Exciseman.

[Continued on a later page.]

SCIENCE AND CHANCE IN GOLD-FINDING: "STRIKING IT LUCKY."

What Happened to the Crow?

Cape Town, digging for a dock, has discovered a gold-mine, and every Afrikaner will be wanting to hold his breath and dive into the sea to discover how far under the good metal runs. Here Chance seems once again to have revealed potential fortunes, and to have shown herself more deserving to be wooed than Science. For science has done surprisingly little to bring gold to light, while chance and stumble and hazard have given us some of the finest mines in the world. It is not so long ago that a South Shields man out in New Zealand, picking up a stone to throw at a wood-pigeon, found that it was a pure nugget that he held in his hand. History was but repeating itself for the Polbarra goldfield in West Australia was discovered in the same way. The find was announced to the Governor in a telegram, which, in his excitement, its writer began and ended with the words, "Boy picked up stone to throw at crow." That was all, and it left the Governor cold, but he had curiosity enough to wire back, "What happened to the crow?"

Gold from the Grave. Of course, not all the nuggets found have been cast at inoffensive or other birds. Some have been too big for the purpose, and not all have lain upon the surface. Take the tragic romance of Martin and Flower in the early days of the Californian boom. Both had searched in vain until starvation stared them in the face. Flower did starve, and his half-dead companion set about digging a grave. The course of his pick in the earth was obstructed by a hard substance, which upon removal proved to be a nugget of gold weighing over 151 lb., and realising £7254. A similar instance was recorded a few months ago upon another field whose secret was hidden until the earth was turned over to make a dead and broken-hearted man's resting-place.

The Lucky Man from Margate. Science might do more for the gold-seeker were it not that the precious ore is packed away in so many and diverse matrices. We do not know how the metal originates, whether it be of igneous or aqueous formation, but expert opinion holds the view that it may come from both. At any rate, we find gold in igneous rocks, in lava from volcano, and in sea-water, as well as in rocks laid down by seas that were. It may exist in the oldest rocks in the world, and it is found, too, in rocks now in process of formation. The igneous rocks of Hungary are rich in gold, and some day, when

we are tired of toiling to the ends of the earth for the ore, we may turn to the land of the turbulent Parliament and reap literally golden harvests. With so many rocks carrying gold, science is at a disadvantage, for it cannot say that, because such and such a formation in one place is gold-bearing, a similar formation in another district will also yield ore. But let us not forget Edmund Hargreaves, the Margate man who discovered gold in Australia. After a visit to the latter continent he was attracted by the rush to California. He saw there rocks, from which gold was being extracted, resembling the rocks of the Blue Hills, in New South Wales, and, fortified by the wisdom of Murchison, he went back to Australia, and justified his surmise by locating gold in his beloved Blue Hills; he was rewarded by the Government with a gratuity of £10,000 and a Commissionership of Crown Lands.

The Blanche Barkly Nugget, and Others. Queen Victoria and thousands of other people saw the famous

Blanche Barkly nugget, and heard its story from its finder, Charles Napier. It was worth hearing. Napier and his brother and a couple of comrades were doing particularly badly on the Australian fields. Their little crusher had proved an expensive failure, for there was not enough ore to crush with profit and they actually abandoned the organised workings, and went, sad of heart, to a flat where some alluvial gold had

been gathered. Here Napier made a hole in the soil, and immediately "struck lucky." He had found a nugget weighing 1743 oz.

It eventually realised £7225 in London, in addition to large sums which the finders made from exhibiting it in Australia, at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere.

Fatal Fortune. Another chance, the chance that came too late! An unknown beggared man obtained permission to chance his luck at Ballarat down a disused mine. He dug, not in the workings, but simply at the bottom of the very shaft itself. His pick was stayed by the interposition of metal. He took his find to the surface, and it was weighed—196 lb. of solid gold. They told him that the nugget was his, that he was now the richest man on the goldfields. "Is that all mine?" said the

man who an hour before had been a pauper. "It is," he was assured. "It doesn't belong to the Government?" "No." "All mine!" he said in a whisper—and dropped dead. And the Government did get it after all, for there was none to know or own him.



TO ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: MISS LILY SMITH (WITH HER SISTERS, THE MISSES NELLIE AND GWEN SMITH).

Miss Lily Smith (the lady on the "rock") is to make an attempt to swim the Channel, between Aug. 18 and Aug. 22 next. She will start from the South Foreland. Before setting out on the great feat she will endeavour to rival Captain Webb's swim from Dover to Ramsgate in 1875. Miss Smith has a splendid record, and holds some seventy medals and a large number of gold and other trophies. In 1907 she swam four and a half hours in the Channel with Jabez Wolff on his record swim, and competed in the 15-mile swim between Richmond and Blackfriars; in 1908 and 1909 she also took part in the Richmond-Blackfriars swim; in 1908 she swam from Dover to Ramsgate (20 miles) in a rough sea in 7 hours, created a 1000 metres record in Paris; in 1911 she swam from Brighton to Shoreham Harbour (6 miles) in 2 hours and 10 minutes, and from Portsmouth to Ryde (Isle of Wight) and three miles back in 4 hours 23 minutes—and so on and on.



WOMEN WHO UPHELD BRITISH PRESTIGE AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: THE BRITISH TEAM WHO WON THE 400 METRES TEAM SWIMMING RACE FOR LADIES.

The photograph shows the Misses Moore, Fletcher, Jarvis (trainer), Spiers, and Steer. Great Britain was first; Germany, second; Austria, third; and Sweden, fourth.—[Photograph by C.N.]



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Boyish Girl. I forget what German scientist lately discovered that in highly civilised countries men and women tend to assimilate each other's characteristics, so that your modern youth is apt to be a trifle pernicky, while his feminine contemporary is often something of a Tomboy. Now, whether the girl really likes—or only tolerates—the effeminate young man is a question not easily decided, for Woman is full of guile, and does not betray her dislikes readily. What is evident is that the twentieth-century man is tremendously taken with the boyish girl. He admires not only the slimmest, most masculine shape, but demands skill equal to his own in games and sports, and a capacity for enjoying all the strange ecstasies of "ragging," and "bear-fighting." The modern lover does not write sonnets to his mistress' eyebrow; he does not even object should the Fair One fell him to the earth when wrestling upon the sands or the green-sward. For he demands above all a comrade and a sympathiser, somebody who understands his jokes; his attitude towards life, his secret aspirations. Unlike his father, he is not content with however sublime a doll. He does not intend, like his forebears, to "domesticate the Recording Angel" when he marries; the wife must be an understanding person with a wide and tolerant outlook; in short, she must resemble as much as possible some cherished younger brother. And the modern girl, nothing loth, and perceiving more personal freedom and consideration in this new rôle, not only adopts the mental characteristics of the young men of to-day, but something of their outward appearance. Hence the popularity of "ports" clothes, shirts, caps, spats, puttees, and other manly items of the strictly modern wardrobe. These things may seem trifles, but they are symbolic of a social revolution.

If the Brontës had Lived at Brixton.

In reading Miss May Sinclair's brilliant book on the Brontës, one realises more than ever what an asset to their fame has been their wild environment, their strange bringing-up. To make a lasting name in literature, or, indeed, in anything else, you must somehow create a legend. That is why Byron, whose poetry was not of a sublime order, will always be a notable figure in the national Valhalla. And for a similar reason, though with more justice, will that "ineffectual angel," Percy Bysshe Shelley. We never tire of reading about these two poets, and the making of books about them is sempiternal, possibly because their "end," in each case, was so striking and so dramatic. And the Brontës, without their wild, bleak Yorkshire moors, without their deplorable brother and their disagreeable father, are somehow unthinkable. If the Brontë family had lived, let us say, at Brixton—or some other "genteel" suburb—instead of at Haworth, we should certainly have been the poorer of "Wuthering Heights," and of all the best portions of "Jane Eyre." It is true that Charlotte Brontë's masterpiece, "Villette," which easily takes its place among the few great novels,

was written after a long sojourn in Brussels, where (I take leave to differ from Miss Sinclair) her emotional life had been profoundly disturbed by someone who was not an English curate of the 'forties. Yet, if she had lived at Brixton, this governess with "the gown of merino and the soul of flame" would not have envisaged that foreign life, those shifty Belgian *bourgeois*, and made them live for ever in her pages, in quite the same incisive way. The contrast between bleak, lonely Haworth and the bustling capital of a newly created state was profound. It etched itself on to her sensitive, extraordinarily imaginative brain, and the world is richer for an unforgettable story. "Villette" is superior, in every respect, to "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley," which shows that the artist is more inspired when he hates than when he loves. "Shirley" is an

elaborate portrait of that strange genius, Emily, yet she does not live like the odious, spying schoolmistress of "Villette."

Invisible Youth and Beauty. Yoshio Markino,

going to the Eton and Harrow match, was surprised to see so much extreme youth and beauty. He declares that the young girl, in London, is seldom seen in Society, but possibly our amusing Japanese critic does not frequent balls at the Ritz or Claridge's. Certainly you never see débutantes at important dinner parties, and not often at evening concerts and crushes. Is it the always-young-and-beautiful mothers who are responsible for the invisibility of their pretty daughters? I fancy it is the Young Person herself who usually declines to be dragged round in the monotonous wheel of social functions, knowing that the time will come when she, too, will be obliged to wear a tiara and "show herself," as the phrase goes, at this house and that. Meanwhile, she has, to be sure, her own scheme of amusement, and is not to be lured out of it to play the fine lady and ornament other people's rooms.

Dears, Poor Dears, and Persons. Epigrams, if they are first-rate, have a way of surviving, but they are generally attributed to the wrong people. John Oliver Hobbes was one of those who

make London gay with their aphorisms. It is a precarious tenure on Fame. For your author, at a great dinner-party, is inspired by the company to a pretty display of wit, yet half of those present will have no idea of copyright in epigrams, and will, with no sense of shame, pass them on next day as their own. The mumbled "as somebody said last night" is not listened to, or is held to be a display of modesty. Thus the *bon mot*, if not embalmed in a comedy or a book, parts company with its progenitor and is at the mercy of the first person who adopts it. I doubt if Mrs. Craigie ever invented a more charming phrase than her description of an English Duchess who divided her contemporaries into three sorts: "dears," "poor dears," and "persons." It is the last word of feudalism, and symbolises the end of an epoch. The phrase, if I remember right, occurred in a book of the 'nineties. Much water has flowed under Westminster Bridge since then.



THE CHIC CHAPEAU: PARISIAN MILLINERY.

Reading from left to right and beginning at the top, the illustrations show (1) A large hat in rice straw, trimmed with butterflies made of lace, and rose-velvet piping at the edge of the brim. (2) A toque in rose-coloured tulle; the brim has an edging of string-coloured Valenciennes lace; the large bow of taffetas, in a deeper shade of pink, is veiled with tulle and stands up on the crown. (3) A Leghorn hat lined with Malines lace; a powder-blue velvet ribbon is laid on all round the brim, and there is a shower of roses on the crown. (4) A shady hat made of broderie Anglaise, with a gathered crown of black taffetas; two large red roses are laid on either side of the brim.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN-VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 12.

THE GREAT EASTERN DIVIDEND.

HOME Rails are again rather lower on the week, and were especially so on Friday. The weakness of Consols and the continuance of the Strike were contributory factors, but undoubtedly the Great Eastern dividend announcement has been the real cause. The results shown are really very bad, as it had been hoped that there would have been some saving in working costs to counteract the loss in the gross receipts. The contrary, however, turns out to be the case. The gross receipts showed a falling-off of £64,000, but the reduction of the dividend represents about £77,000, and the carry-forward is £12,000 less, so it seems that working expenses were some £25,000 more than during the same period last year. We do not think many of the results will be as unsatisfactory as this, but, nevertheless, it does not inspire confidence.

SOME ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMPANIES.

Six per cent. is a high rate of interest, and cannot, of course, be procured with absolute safety, but among the shares of this group there are one or two which are really sound investments, and are eminently suitable for mixing with other securities to bring up the average rate of interest.

The St. James and Pall Mall Company is, perhaps, the pick of the basket, as they yield nearly 6 per cent., and have every prospect of an increase in dividend before very long. With a capital of £450,000, there is a reserve fund of £75,000. Of this sum, £200,000 is in Ordinary shares, upon which 10 per cent. has been paid since 1905, when 12½ was paid, and the average rate for the last ten years is over 11 per cent.

The Westminster Company works in close conjunction with the above Company, and has also paid 10 per cent. for the last five years. It is a much larger concern, having a capital of £1,317,660, and serves an important district, comprising Mayfair and Belgravia. At the present time the Ordinary shares can be bought to yield 5 7-8 per cent., and can be considered a good purchase. Another Company worth attention is the Kensington and Knightsbridge Company, which has a capital of £205,000, of which £105,000 is in Ordinary shares, and in addition there are £90,000 4 per cent. Debentures. The directors have made adequate allowance for depreciation, and the district served is an excellent one. For the last two years the dividend has been 9 per cent., and the yield—at present price—is 6 per cent.

In the case of the City of London Electric Supply Company, the present quotation of 19½ seems very high, and makes the yield ridiculously low, but this is explained by rumours that the Corporation are going to take it over. In the absence of special information upon this point a purchase at present would be more in the nature of a speculation than an investment.

CHARTERED.

Rhodesians have never enjoyed the same measure of "shop" support as South Africans, but the outlook for this group has been considerably improved by the *rapprochement* between Sir Abe Bailey and the Amalgamated Proprietary group. It is stated that the former has put up £200,000—and it now seems more than likely that this market will improve.

Chartered have been a firmer market of late, and there is good reason to think that this will continue. The fact that the option period, which commenced at the time of the Debenture issue in 1908, is now ended must help the market. It is reasonable to assume that all the options and conversion rights were exercised before the end of June and, therefore, that nearly three million new shares have been absorbed by the public since 1908. This is now finished, however, and the shares should not remain much longer below 30s. Even at this price the market valuation of the Company's land works out at about sixpence per acre.

PRESTEA BLOCK A.

The annual report and the chairman's speech at the meeting of the above Company do not reveal a very flourishing state of affairs. A Company with a capital of £1,150,000, on eight months' working, succeeds in making a profit of £2700, which has to be used to reduce the debit balance brought into the accounts! 93,483 tons were crushed with an average recovery of 34s. 3½d., while working costs amounted to 28s. 2½d. This gives a total gross profit of £28,050, and of this sum £21,250 goes to depreciation, £4000 odd presumably to London and other expenses, leaving £2700 as the available profit.

During the first six months of 1912, the recovery has been about the same on the 64,760 tons which have been crushed, while working costs have been reduced to 25s. 7d., so that the gross profit works out at about £27,500—a considerable improvement on 1911, but we can see very little attraction in the shares at present. There is

always the possibility, of course, that the market may be taken in hand by the magnates, but it may be some time before this occurs.

OUR STROLLER IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Presently, the waiter at the door stepped out of his box, and walked across the intervening space to say a word or two to his colleague.

"It's now or never," thought Our Stroller. He rose from the seat in the embrasure of the window, slipped through the swing-door, and, in a twinkling, stood within the Stock Exchange itself.

Luckily for him, he was wearing an ordinary dark suit, straw hat, and he carried a newspaper in his hand.

"Seems to me I've been in here before, but I'm hanged if I can remember when," he soliloquised. "Well, all I've got to do now is to keep out of trouble."

He strolled with studied indifference to the buying-in desk, and for a few minutes watched the busy officials working for dear life. Then he turned, confidence mounting, to the House, and looked around.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. A curious hum rose from all around. Things were quiet, and there was no excitement, but on every hand came the vague, indefinable stir of hundreds of men talking, of feet moving.

The waiters in their various stands called men who were wanted, but even these names Our Stroller could not distinguish, though manifestly their owners were able to.

Keeping open a weather eye for possible trouble, he skirted what by courtesy is called the West Australian "market," and steered due west.

"Tell your man he ought to buy Broken Hill Props. and British," he overheard a dealer say. "There's at least a little life in them, and there's none in Ivanhoe," and he gave a contemptuous nod towards the deserted part of the village.

"But just look what Ivanhoes pay! They return something like 20 per cent. on the money, and they've got a million tons in sight."

The Barrier merchant shrugged his shoulders. "You can please yourself," said he. "All I say is, I think your client will get more run for his money in Broken—"

There was a sharp report, and the whole of the Stock Exchange seemed to half-gasp.

Then, when they found it was not the "hammer," after all, members boomed lustily.

Our Stroller did not understand it, but he drifted along quietly. He noticed a particularly bald-headed man, into whose coat-collar was slipped an advertisement of "How I removed superfluous hairs," and smiled to himself with pitying superiority.

Oddly enough, he happened to anchor close to a pair of men who were apparently discussing a weekly newspaper.

"It appeals only to the highly intellectual," one of the men, a short and very thin little fellow, was saying. "To the crowd it makes no appeal. They don't understand it."

"And you're one of the few regular subscribers?" the other chaffed him.

"My dear old chap, I write for it," and there was a world of feeling in his tone.

"Can't be done, my boy," declared another close at hand. "At ninepence, you can have 'em; not a ha'penny less."

"But my limit's tenpence-ha'penny net," protested the broker. "There's my wire: look for yourself."

"Isn't three-ha'pence enough for you? My word! I don't know what you brokers are coming to!"

"Don't be a fool. You know the new Rules won't let me deal for less than twopence-farthing a share. I'll have to try a more enterprising firm. So long!"

"Come here, you impatient dog. Curse the new Rules, I say. Sell you five hundred at eightpence-farthing—that suit you?"

"Buy five hundred. And don't you forget, cockie, that it was you jobbers yourselves who passed the new Rules which have just cost you one-eleven-three."

"Anglo 'B' and Mexican Firsts—best speculative investments in the Stock Exchange," Our Stroller heard one broker say to another. "Pay about 5½ per cent. on the money, and both likely to improve."

"My man fancies Brazil Rails. But I can't help thinking they've had a good run, and the Company's raising a tremendous lot of new capital."

"It has plenty of scope, though."

"Oh, in time I think we shall see Brazil Rails 150 instead of 116. It's one of those things where there might be a sudden move up, or down, any time."

"If a client has a fancy for a stock, don't you think it's best to let him follow his own bent?"

"Rather. I should jolly well think so. Unless you know anything against a thing, by all means let a client buy what he chooses. Now—"

"Done for—absolutely done for till the autumn. You might as well buy a fur coat as buy Nigerian Tin shares, for all the good either will do you for eight or ten weeks."

[Continued on page 96.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

An End On't.

We are at the end of one of the queerest London seasons that the most seasoned Londoners can remember. No one seemed to have any verve or go. There was a great deal going on, especially during this last month, but nothing appeared really to go with a swing. This was ascribed to all sorts of things—possibly a reaction after Coronation rejoicings, and dissatisfaction with affairs at home and abroad had most to do with it. The things upon which money was most freely spent were the Hundred Years Ago Ball at the Albert Hall, and the Elizabethan Triumph at Earl's Court. These were both artistic successes: neither, however, reached the financial results that were expected. Dressing up without doubt had a vogue—no expense was spared where that was concerned. Over everything else Madame Economy presided sternly. Modistes in the West End have seldom had so poor a season. Clients went to have six or seven evening frocks had two. Girls were attired in brocades, in satins, that they might survive many balls. Except for fancy costumes, money was very tight in the clothes line. Everything the King and Queen could do they did do; despite it



all, the season now expiring will be remembered as a poor one. Brilliant it was in patches, and even then the brilliancy was always more in speech and in writing than in the actual things.

Hope On, Hope Ever.

There is a good time coming, people tell us who ought to know: that the autumn and winter will be as usual, but that next season stands every chance of being splendid. It is hoped that by then the steady flow of capital out of the country for investment will have been checked, if not arrested; confidence will be firmer in the

future, and unrest and discontent will begin to abate. Why these things are to be I do not rightly know, but I think it has something to do with a contemplated general post among the gentlemen who have been working so hard and accomplishing so little at Westminster. It is rather difficult for the average woman to trace the connection between her cheques for clothes and the Government, or between her menkind's spirits and the doings in the House: the connection is there, she is quite aware, but whys and wherefores are hidden. When women rule the roast no doubt men will get their pocket-money quite regularly; meanwhile, we hope the roseate prophecies for next year will come true, without a reversal of the position of the sexes!

Holiday Prizes. We are all children in our love for prizes. Now the holidays are at hand we look for prizes for proficiency in games. There will be tennis tournaments, golf tournaments, swimming tournaments, gymkhanas—all sorts of ways

in which to win pretty and useful things. Many clients are therefore busy in the beautiful show-rooms of Stewart Dawson and Company, under the Piccadilly Hotel, in Regent Street, picking out from thousands of useful and suitable things, prizes for the holiday season. As many are required, reasonable prices are especially esteemed. This firm, owing to the possession of eight great Colonial establishments as big as the parent one in Hatton Garden, and bigger than that in Regent Street, for which they have to provide stocks, can quote exceptional prices for ready money, which is their system. It is impossible to enumerate a tithe of the charming prizes that can be obtained here, while suggestion is futile, as everyone has a different idea about such things. Silver, gold, jewels, plate, bags, sticks, fitted boxes and cases, are but a very few of the many departments, in each of which is wonderful variety of choice. Stewart Dawson and Company keep in the van of progress with regard to the newest things, although their prices are so easy.



A TROPHY FOR FEMININE FLIERS: A ROSE-BOWL PRESENTED AS A PRIZE FOR THE FIRST LADIES' AVIATION MEETING.

This handsome rose jardinière was presented by the makers, Messrs. Stewart Dawson and Co., Ltd., of 73-81, Regent Street, as the inscription states, "to the Women's Aerial League in the interests of national aviation, on the Ladies' First Aviation Meeting, Hendon."

Garden Parties. It was a week of these pleasant entertainments: on a giant scale was that given by the King and Queen at Windsor Castle. Hospitality to ten thousand people is what only kings and queens can offer. The way their Majesties managed to show themselves to all their guests was clever in the extreme, and required some thinking out. The Queen dislikes exceedingly to be mobbed or stared at when at these functions, but is anxious that all should see the King and herself, knowing that much disappointment would be felt otherwise. Queen Alexandra, at her Red Cross garden party, shook hands with everyone present—in all, about a thousand. How keenly this was appreciated I need not say, nor is the feeling of gratification one of which the most independent man or woman need feel anything but proud. At historical Strawberry Hill, Lord and Lady Michelham gave a garden party to meet the Marquess of Lansdowne and members of the London Municipal Society. Madame Anna Pavlova danced; the day was delicious; and the grounds were in great beauty.

Sons and Heirs. Two prospective Dukes made their entrée last week in the midst of the excitement about the new tax, in which these Dukelings took not the least part. The advent of these important little personages was the cause of much rejoicing. Both Duke-doms are historic. That of Northumberland belongs specially to the old history of England, in which members of the Percy family played conspicuous parts. On his mother's side, also, this small bit of humanity, is of ducal blood. There was a choice of several possible courtesy titles for him. The second new son and heir is the grandson of the Duke of Wellington, and great-great-grandson of the Iron Duke. This little personage will be known, it is said, as the Earl of Mornington.



CONTAINING THE FREEDOM OF ABERYSTWITH: ONE OF THREE GOLD CASKETS RECENTLY PRESENTED WITH THAT HONOUR.

Aberystwith the other day conferred the freedom of the borough on Lord Rendel, President of the University College of South Wales; Sir John Williams, Bt., the well-known physician; and Mr. David Davies, M.P. The scrolls were in three gold caskets of similar design, with the borough seal enamelled in colour in the centre, and on either side a symbolic leek. On the lid were the arms of the recipient. The caskets were designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street.

MISS WINIFRED MARIAN GIBBS AND MR. CHARLES EDWARD PONSONBY, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 23RD.

Miss Winifred Marian Gibbs is a daughter of the Hon. Herbert Cokayne Gibbs, of Briggens, Roydon, Herts, brother of Lord Aldenham. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. Richard Durant, of High Canons, Herts, and Sharpsham, Devon. Mr. Charles Edward Ponsonby is the eldest son of the Hon. Edwin Ponsonby, of Woodleys, Woodstock, brother of Lord de Mauley. His mother was a daughter of the late Mr. Octavius Coope, M.P., of Rochetts, South Weald, Brentwood.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Mayall.

Continued from page 94.

"There's a tip out to buy Nigerian Tin Corps."

"Keep your money in your pocket or waste it on an Alp. Who cares twopence about speculation in July? Later on, the returns will buck up, and the market's certain to revive. But till then——"

Our Stroller as nearly as possible tripped up where the Kaffir Circus floor is being mended, and he hastily sat down upon an adjacent bench to prevent attention being drawn to himself.

"It's very largely due," a jobber was saying to a choleric-looking broker, "to your friend Lloyd George."

"My—friend—Lloyd—George!" The broker's face went bright scarlet. "My—friend—Lloyd—George!" he spluttered. "Goodness gracious me, Sir! Why, the man knows no more about Finance than I do—no, I mean—than—you do. My friend, indeed!" and the very veins in his throat stood out like indignant red cords.

Our Stroller thought he noticed a waiter looking at him with fatherly interest, and, allowing prudence to master curiosity, he did not wait to hear the incensed broker proclaim to a laughing crowd what he would do to Lloyd George if he had him in his hands for something rather less than half-a-brace of seconds.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Those interested in Coalite received an unpleasant shock at the meeting of Coalite, Limited, early in the month, when the chairman stated that it would be a great mistake to attempt to dispose of their foreign patents "until they knew for a certainty what could be done with the process commercially"! We seem to remember being assured two years ago that the commercial success of the process was fully proved.

So The United Coalfields of Kent is not to make its appearance for a month or two, after all. Mr. Arthur Burr is certainly very wise to delay the prospectus for a while, as, in the present temper of the Market, it would have had very little chance of success, and it will need a great deal of booming if it is ever to have any. Without wishing to be personal, we must say that we shall never have any faith in Kent Coal or its effect on Railway traffics until it gets into other hands and is financed by other methods.

The holders of Nicaragua Bonds should deposit them with the Council of Foreign Bondholders as assenting to the arrangement lately made with the government, if they want to get paid their coupons now due and those due six months ago.

The underwriters of the Newfoundland and Queensland loans have had very stiff proportions to take. It is said over 80 per cent. in each case.

In our Issue of June 19, there appeared in our advertisement columns a report of the Third Annual General Meeting of the Royalties Syndicate, Ltd., in which certain statements were made referring to a well-known Corporation and its Managing Director. We would wish to point out that we were not in any way responsible for the report in question and the statement therein contained, and therefore circulars or reprints that have been made are not to be taken as expressing in any way an editorial opinion; nor were any circulars or reprints issued with the authority of the Directors of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.

Saturday, July 20, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. W.—We do not think you need be alarmed about your Insurance shares. The Company will become "approved" under the Act and get a large number of new members.

MAMMON.—The following might suit:—(1) Cicely; (2) Federated Selangor; (3) Ledbury; (4) London Asiatic; (5) Bukit Rajah. You must not forget that the price of rubber is the key of the situation, and that the continuance of the dividends depends on this.

S. W.—We answered your questions on the 18th inst.

E. J. P.—Maikop has proved a very unsatisfactory field, so far. Anglo-Maikop is about one of the best concerns operating there. Get rid of Lobitos on any rise.

M. G. J.—The Peru 5½ per cent. Loan is quite a reasonable holding, but we prefer Valparaiso Waterworks 5½ Per Cent. Bonds at about 103.

BEER.—The "B" Debentures of Worthington will give you £5 7s. 6d. per cent. and are well secured; and J. W. Cameron and Co. perpetual 3½ per cent. Debentures at 68 will give you £5 6s. per cent. and are well covered. We have never recommended Breweries, but think now the lowest point must be reached.

A. F. E.—Yes, Central Mining are good shares to hold, and Nigel a fair speculation.

ENGINE.—London and North Western or North Eastern Consols will, on last year's showing, give you practically 5 per cent. on your money.

R. A.—See this week's Notes for the Electric Light shares. Carlton Hotel 5½ per cent. Preference, or Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Preference will give you a high rate with comparative safety.

THE IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN CORPORATION, LIMITED.

LORD Balfour of Burleigh, Chairman of the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, Ltd., presided over the first ordinary general meeting of the members of that Company, held on the 19th, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. He moved the adoption of the Report and Accounts, and that the interim dividend on the original £2 shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum to Dec. 31, 1911, and a dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. on the Preference shares from Jan. 1, 1912 to June 30, 1912, should be approved, and that a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. for the same period be paid on the Ordinary shares. This resolution was seconded by the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., and was carried unanimously.

In the course of his speech, the Chairman said:—"You will all recollect that we held our statutory meeting on July 29 last year. The capital of the Company amounted then to £1,000,000, consisting of 500,000 shares of £2 each, in regard to which at that date 28s. per share had been called. I then informed you that when the final call of 12s. per share was paid in October it was our intention to carry out the terms of the prospectus and to split the £2 shares into £1 Four and a-Half Per Cent. Preference shares and £1 Ordinary shares. . . . I think you will all agree with me that the progress we have made and the sum of £106,563 in respect of commissions, interest and so on, to the credit of the revenue account for the past year, are highly satisfactory, considering that it is the first year of the business of the Corporation, and that we have not included any amount of profit on account of our large interests in Russia. The financial year of the Russian and English Bank will not terminate before the end of December. . . . The real test of our revenue account is that the Corporation has made a net profit of £91,127 18s. 5d. up to June 30. Out of this amount we have written off the whole of the preliminary expenses of £27,957. The shareholders have already received an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. up to Dec. 31 and again up to June 30 on the Preference shares, and we now recommend a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. to the same date. On the assumption that the shareholders will confirm our proposal, there will remain a balance of £11,506 to be carried forward. . . . I think it is due to you that I should say a word with regard to the investments of the Corporation. These amount in gross to £674,559, and you will see that, as stated by the auditors, the securities valued on the London Stock Exchange, amounting to £223,879, are taken

as at the middle market prices of June 29. I may add that with the exception of about £4000 these securities consist of holdings in Government or municipal loans and First Mortgage bonds in good industrial undertakings. The other investments, which amount to about £450,000, are taken at cost prices. . . . The greater part of the amount in question is represented by the holding of the Corporation in the Russian and English Bank, and in a Russian Investment Trust, which was formed by some friends and ourselves for the purpose of carrying on business other than banking in Russia. I may add that, in accordance with Russian law, Russian bank shares do not receive a quotation on the St. Petersburg Bourse until the bank has published its balance-sheet for one year. . . . We have every reason to believe that the shares of the Russian and English Bank will then command a good market at a satisfactory premium. We have no hesitation in saying that the bank is progressing in accordance with our expectation, and I suppose I need hardly add that we pay a good deal of attention to the general policy and to the working of its business. Our managing-director has paid several visits to Russia, and in the month of April last I myself, accompanied by my colleagues, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Amory, along with our financial adviser and manager, spent some time in St. Petersburg and had proper opportunity of examining the organisation established. We had also a series of most interesting interviews with prominent Ministers and bankers in Russia, and we have every reason to believe that our visit will result in benefit to the business we have in hand. The staff of the bank consists half of Russian and half of British clerks, and the general policy, of which we approve, is to keep more strictly to banking business, regarded from a British point of view, than is perhaps altogether customary in the case of some other similar institutions. Before I conclude I may take the opportunity of mentioning that a short time ago the Board were approached by the Anglo-French Mercantile and Finance Corporation, with a view to reorganising their business. After careful examination of the accounts and the circumstances of that Company, your directors decided that if their paid-up capital of a little over half a million were written down to £400,000, this Corporation and its friends would raise a further sum of £600,000 and take control and manage the affairs of the Corporation. Of the new Corporation, Mr. Austen Chamberlain will be Chairman, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Edmund Porges, of Paris, will be on the Board, and the remainder of the Board will consist of directors of this Corporation. It is the intention of the two companies to work with the strictest community of interest, and, in my opinion, this new alliance will conduce to the mutual benefit of both concerns."

Do you scrape your face?
Does it smart and burn?

Has it occurred to you that your method may be wrong?
Your barber doesn't use a scraping razor. Ask him why.

YOU NEED A

"UNIVERSAL."

BEST—

because it succeeds where scrapers fail, for it cuts—not breaks—the beard close to the skin without pulling or irritating the face.

because the infinite superiority of its hollow ground, interchangeable blades, due to their extreme keenness and uniformly perfect temper, assures steady, efficient service without the constant new blade outlay so unavoidable with other razors.

because its self-regulating safety guard automatically assumes the same adjustment and smooths the way for the cutting stroke. Day after day the "Universal" gives the same safe, clean, comforting shave.

"Universal" Price 10/6

Including Extra Blade.

Send a postcard for Razor Booklet.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

Room 2,

31, Bartholomew Close,
London, E.C.

"There is a boom in Stereoscopic Photography"

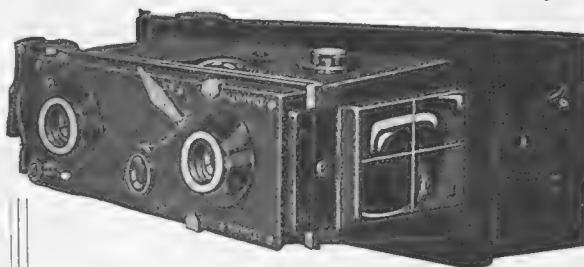
"Already the Stereoscopic picture"
"is the fashion of the élite, and"
"rapidly it is becoming the"
"fashion of the multitude."

It is in these words that the Chief Photographic Expert of the *Amateur Photographer* speaks of this fascinating branch of photography

The Verascope

is, to-day, the most perfect and the most popular Stereoscopic Camera in the world. It is used by all the foremost photographers of this country and the Continent.

With it beautiful photographs in natural colours can be produced. It is so simple to manipulate that a child can learn in 10 minutes to take beautiful photographs



Call at Verascope House, and see the many beautiful pictures which only represent the results you can quickly learn to create

WRITE FOR LIST No. 4

JULES RICHARD

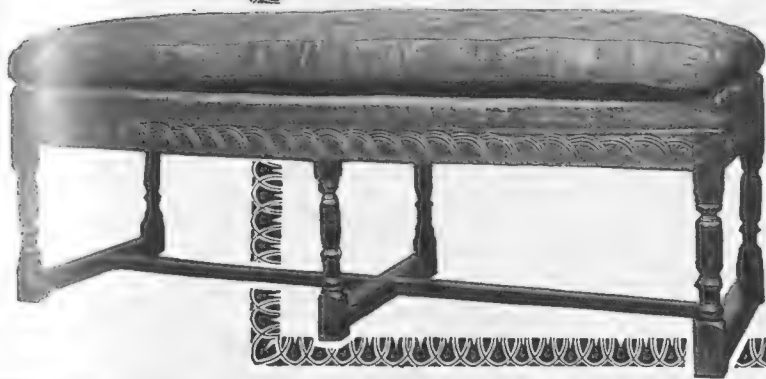
VERASCOPE HOUSE

27 New Bond Street, London

An Interesting Exhibition of Genuine Antiques

Among the Art Treasures exhibited at the Soho Galleries you will find many exquisite examples of Antique Craftsmanship which will, by their

moderate prices, no less than on account of their beauty and rarity, make a strong appeal to you when seeking additions for your collection.



GILL & REIGATE LTD.

THE SOHO GALLERIES.

73-85, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

"The Largest Stock of Genuine Antiques in London."

Eau de Jeunesse Jane Hading

Poudre de Jeunesse Jane Hading.

The Famous Paris Face Lotion and Powder to which JANE HADING owes her youth and beauty.

LOTION.

POWDER.

per 8/6 bottle. per 6/- box.

POST FREE.

On Sale in London at—

ROBERTS & CO., 76, New Bond Street;
HARRODS and WILLIAM WHITELEY, Limited;
HEPPEL'S, Piccadilly, Haymarket, Strand, and Liverpool;
SELFRIDGE & CO.; JOHN BARKER & CO.;
ARMY and NAVY STORES, London, Calcutta, Bombay;
MAISON ROBERT, 225, Regent Street, W.;
WILCOX JOZEAU & CO., 49, Haymarket, S.W.



JANE HADING,
The talented French Actress.

British Depot: 59-61, New Oxford Street, W.C.

General Depot: 38, Rue du Mont Thabor, Paris.

The Sphere Girl



enjoys the game

to her heart's content.

However swift the set, she knows she can depend on "the grip that grips and never slips." The mission of Sphere Suspenders is two-fold—to keep the corset in a comfortable and correct position, and to support the hose.

Prices: 1/- to 3/-

If your Draper does not stock, write to

Sphere Suspender

Co., LEICESTER. Postage 1d. extra.

Ask for Booklet,
"The Evolution of
the Suspender,"
post free.



The Indispensable Usher.



By Appointment to His Majesty
KING GEORGE V.

The
Indispensable "Usher"
at every function—

**Usher's
Whisky.**

*Obtainable through all Wine Merchants
and Stores in the United Kingdom.*

**ANDREW USHER & CO., Distillers,
EDINBURGH.**

London and Export Agents:
FRANK BAILEY & CO., 59, Mark Lane, E.C.

Copyright.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL

The Caddie found it tempting,
And the Caddie took a pull;
For the Cigar that he'd been
asked to hold
Was "Flor de Dindigul."

When you insist upon a Flor de Dindigul you may rest assured that you are obtaining a cigar carefully manufactured throughout from selected leaves—a cigar of delicate aroma, of pleasant and mild strength, one that will burn evenly and coolly to the end. 3d. each (5 for 1/1), 20/6 per 100. Flor de Dindigul **EXTRA**, extra choice, 4d. each, 30/- per 100. (As supplied to the House of Lords.) 23 Gold Medals awarded. *Of all good tobaccoists, or of the Importer, Bewlay and Co., Ltd., Tobaccoists to the Royal Family, 40, Strand, London. Est. 132 years.*

Frank Reynolds, R.I.

THE
FAVOURITES
FOR
RACING, CRICKET,
RIVER, THEATRE.
OF ALL OPTICIANS.
Booklet 39 free from
ZEISS, 13-14, Great Castle Street, W.

ZEISS

FIELD GLASSES

A NEST FOR REST.

Simply press a button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked. A detachable Front Table (not illustrated) can be used flat for writing or inclined for reading. The arms lift up and turn outwards, forming Side Tables for books, writing materials, &c. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations. When not in use it slides under the seat.

Adjustable
Chairs
of every
Description.
Catalogue C 13
Free

**J. FOOT
& SON, LTD.,**
Dept. C 13,
171, NEW BOND ST.,
LONDON, W.

Automatic
Adjustable
Back.

"SALOOP—
SMITHFIELD SALOOP!"
OLD LONDON CRY.



Born
1820—
Still
Going
Strong

The Modern Cry—"JOHNNIE WALKER"

Like the "pick-me-up" of olden time, that on the street was bought, its virtues are applauded by those who know "what's what." All experts agree that there are periods when whisky is at its best; our experts contend there are three. Choose for yourself—Johnnie Walker "White Label," 6 years old. Johnnie Walker "Red Label," 10 years old. Johnnie Walker "Black Label," 12 years old.

Every bottle bears this label:—"Guaranteed same quality throughout the world."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



ROYAL VINOLIA FLUID DENTIFRICE.

The perfect cleanliness of the teeth is recognised as alike essential to health and to an attractive appearance. But neither the requirements of hygiene nor those of personal taste are satisfied unless the gums, every part of the mouth, and the throat are also thoroughly sweetened and purified, and lurking disease-germs destroyed. This perfect cleansing is done most effectively by Royal Vinolia Fluid Dentifrice, which, while highly beneficial to the teeth, gums, mouth, and throat, produces a delightful feeling of refreshment and comfort.

In Handsome Bottles - - 1/- each.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED.

LONDON & PARIS.



Beauty and Health go hand in hand—

for beauty cannot live but with health,
whilst health of itself creates beauty.

Beauty and grace of form, a clear, healthy complexion, a free and graceful carriage, personal charm and superb vitality, all, to a large extent, depend upon health; and health in its turn depends upon the human system receiving the best nourishment for body, brain and nerve.

Ordinary food does not contain sufficient brain and nerve nourishment. It is necessary to reinforce our ordinary diet with a special food for brain and nerve.

Visem, the new tonic food, is the most concentrated form of nourishment known. It supplies the nerve and brain cells with new energy and vigour, and the body with nutriment which can be immediately and effectively assimilated.

Visem is the culmination of many years of research on the part of the leading scientists of the day, but there is no mystery about its composition. It is just a simple wholesome food, consisting mainly of pure milk proteid combined with organic phosphorus derived from yolk of egg, known to the medical profession as lecithin. Milk proteid feeds the body—lecithin the nerves and brain.

Excellent milk proteid preparations have been obtainable for years, but Visem has all their merits and the additional advantage of containing lecithin, which every medical man will tell you is the finest nerve food known to science.

VISEM

(Seed of Strength)

Visem is made up in the form of little tablets which are eaten like biscuits. It is sold at all high-class chemists in tins of 24 tablets, 1/6.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send 1/6 to St. Ivel, Ltd., Yeovil, and a tin will be sent you post free.



DUNLOP

GROOVED TYRES AND WIRE WHEELS

form a combination
unequalled for luxury,
safety, and economy.

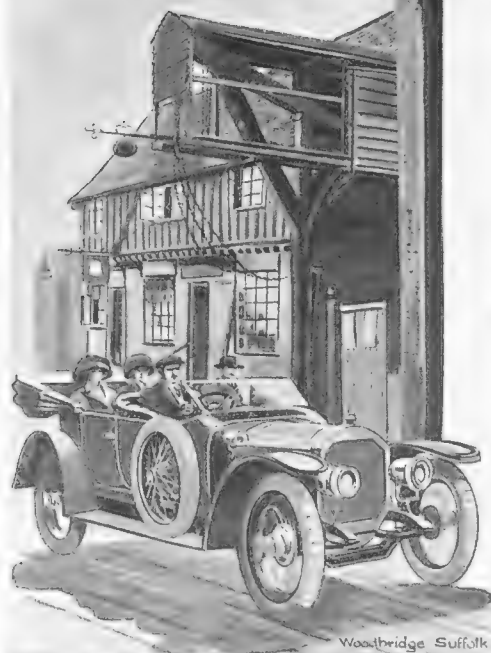
It is significant that, as more and
more motorists realise that the
best is the least expensive, the

DEMAND FOR DUNLOP EQUIPMENT GROWS IN PROPORTION.

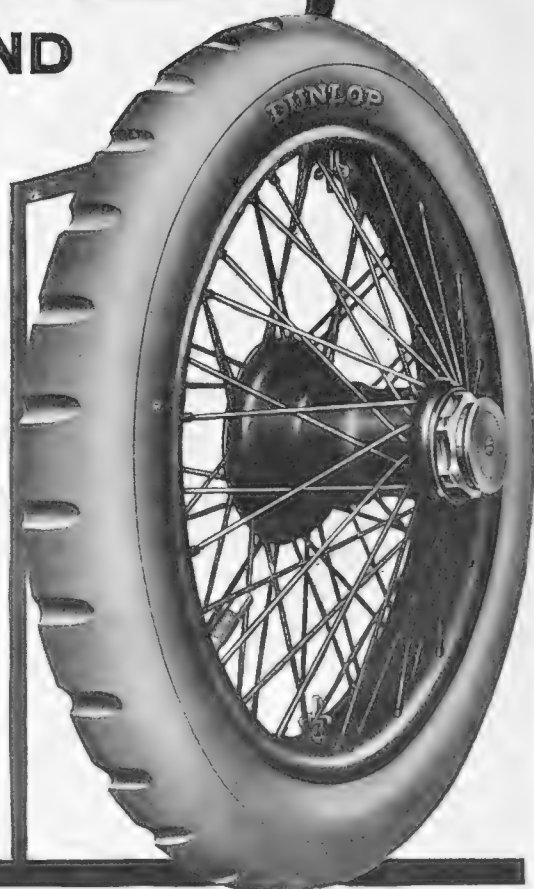
Dunlop detachable wire wheels in-
crease tyre life so materially that
their cost is very soon saved.

Dunlop catalogue, post free, on application.

The Dunlop Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston Cross,
Birmingham, 8 & 14, Regent St., London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Molit.
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.



Woodbridge Suffolk



B.S.A.

"EVERYTHING THAT THE NAME IMPLIES."

As an example of the wonderful power of the engine, the car's behaviour on the hill leading out of Hartford Bridge on the main London-Basingstoke road may be cited. The hill starts in the village, and for over half a mile rises with a gradient of 1 in 18. This was taken on top gear, and the speed of the car never fell below eighteen miles per hour, although at the foot of the hill the speed of the car could not exceed ten miles per hour owing to the village. The car, moreover, was well loaded, since there were, as was stated earlier in this article, three passengers and a considerable quantity of luggage aboard.

In conclusion, we may say that the new B.S.A. car impressed us most favourably. Above all things, there is the extraordinary flexibility and perfect silence of the new Daimler sliding-sleeve engine. This engine, from the point of view of the owner-driver (and of these this car should have many) has a still more important claim, namely, that it is very easily kept clean, and, beyond pouring oil into the base-chamber every 500 miles, requires absolutely no attention.

*The above is extracted from an article
published in the "Car Illustrated."*

SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO., LTD.,
Motor Department, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.

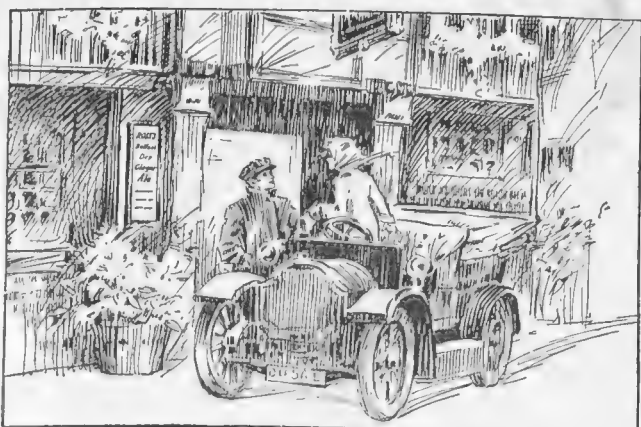


THIS is an illustration of part of the erecting shop of the Daimler Company's Coventry Works. The length of this shop is over a quarter of a mile, and it is equipped with all the very latest labour-saving appliances.

Everything that will help to make the Daimler car the better car is to be found in this shop. Everything that modern engineering practice demands is herein installed. The Daimler Company keeps well ahead of the times; that is why the Daimler car is so far in front of its competitors.

Daimler

The DAIMLER Company, Ltd., Coventry.



If it's "ROSS" it's dependable

The characteristic piquancy and sparkle that have made the reputation of "Ross's" Ginger Ale mark the contents of every bottle bearing the "Ross" label. Every drop of "Ross" is made and bottled in Belfast under the personal care of the third generation of the "Ross" family — ensuring the quality being dependable wherever you obtain "the non-alcoholic drink that men enjoy."

The permanent sparkling freshness and moderate aeration of "Ross" make it an ideal drink for satisfying summer thirst.

ROSS'S *Belfast Dry* Ginger Ale



"Ross" blends perfectly with spirits. "Ross" Soda Water has the same natural blending excellence.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, Ltd.,
Sole Manufactory
Belfast.

WHOLESALE ONLY:
LONDON: 6 Colonial Avenue, Minories, E.
GLASGOW: 38 York Street.
LIVERPOOL: 325 Tower Buildings, Water St.

19

The Alexander Clark & Co. Ltd

ACTUAL MAKERS OF DRESSING CASES

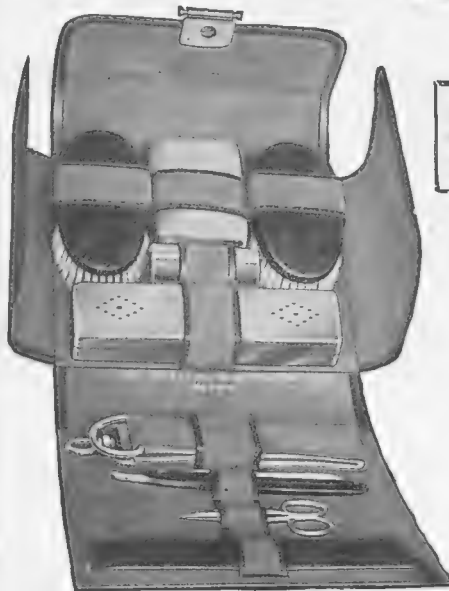
THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE
WORLD FROM WHICH TO SELECT.

PRICES £2 to £530.

No. 2180. — Lady's Fine Solid Leather
Motor Dressing Case, 12½ inches long,
9½ inches wide, 4 inches deep. A full
complement of Solid Silver-mounted Toilet
Bottles and Jars, Ivory Brushes, etc.
£7 7 0 Complete



No. 2180.



**LARGE PICTORIAL DRESSING
BAG CATALOGUE POST FREE
TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD**

Gentleman's Green Roan roll-
up Dressing Case. Size closed
8½ by 7½, fitted with Ebony
Brushes, Tooth and Nail Brush
Boxes, Razor Strop, etc.

38/6

A large variety in stock.

*Estimates and designs for
special requirements
submitted free.*

**188, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.**

**125-6, FENCHURCH ST.,
LONDON, E.C.**

WHEN YOU GO TO SCOTLAND

you have a choice of three routes. To Glasgow and the West Coast the MIDLAND and L. & N. W. are the quickest, whilst to Edinburgh and the Highlands any slight disadvantage in time by the Midland is more than compensated for by the scenery being so beautiful and interesting as to make the journey seem the shortest of any.

Special efforts are made to provide and serve as nicely as possible the kind of light refreshments that passengers want on a long journey, as well as luncheon and dinner. Other details relating to the comfort of travelling have similar attention.

**TRAVEL BY
MIDLAND
FOR CHOICE.**

A Great British Inventor



From the Court Circular.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, July 4.
Her Majesty this afternoon inspected the aeroplane wireless telephone invented by Mr. Grindell Matthews.

Brain Force and Staying Power—

Brain-building force, the force that *makes* the big ideas come true, the energy for *continuous* effort, this was the great power with which Phosferine equipped Mr. Grindell Matthews, enabling him to work *unremittingly* and *undaunted*, until he has now accomplished the invention of the wireless telephone. This historic achievement has convinced Mr. Matthews that the success of any ambitious mental or physical endeavour is *most materially advanced* by the revitalising properties of Phosferine, which, he says, protected him very effectively from the sleeplessness, nervous exhaustion, and bodily disorders his excessive brain efforts had previously provoked. So severe was his long toil and anxiety, it is now the firm belief of Mr. Matthews that he owes most of his tireless industry, his new capacity and enjoyment for work, to the exhilarating stimulus of Phosferine, for it is this great inventor's experience that the tonic *generates* the *extra energy* every one needs to *complete* great projects.

Magnificently Increased.

Mr. H. Grindell Matthews (the Inventor of Wireless Telephony) writes:—"It is with pleasure I desire to let you know how very helpful Phosferine is to me, when engaged on arduous mental work. During the last five or six years I have suffered from nervous breakdowns which have been caused by the exhausting strain of continuous application to my experimental work in wireless telephony. The anxiety and restlessness attendant on my scientific researches made me sleepless and fatigued, with an uncertain appetite, and a tendency to *work irregularly* until I discovered what an excellent corrective Phosferine is of such troublesome conditions. The tonic is a first-rate antidote for dejection, and I make a practice of taking it regularly, as I find it immediately renews the strength of my nerves, and exercises a stimulating effect on the whole of the nervous system."—May 8, 1912.

PHOSFERINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands



To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

Pebecco prolongs Tooth-life

The night and morning use of PEBECO not only keeps teeth sound and white and beautiful, but preserves them into age. Because PEBECO counteracts the injurious mouth-acids which more than all else contribute to decay. In addition, PEBECO invigorates the entire oral cavity, tones up the gums, strengthens the tissues, purifies the breath, gives a delightful "clean" feel, creates and maintains a highly gratifying condition of mouth health.

PEBECO

TOOTH PASTE

10-Day Tube with Acid-Mouth Test and book FREE for 2d. to cover postage, etc.
Collapsible Tubes, 1s., of Chemists and Stores.
P. BEIERSDORF & Co., 7 and 8, Idol Lane, London, E.C.

GUILLOUT'S

THE FASHIONABLE DAINTY CAKES FOR AFTERNOON TEA

**Delicate, Light, Attractive,
and Absolutely Pure.**

Made by the famous French biscuit firm of **GUILLOUT** in over 100 varieties.

Large Sample Tin (as illustrated), post free for Ninepence in stamps from the Manufacturers
GUILLOUT, Ltd.
(Dept. S.1,
76, High Street,
Marylebone, London, W.)

Sold by all High-Class Bakers and Confectioners, and in the Bakery Department of the Principal Stores.

The Secret of an Ideal Toilet

Shem-el-Nessim

SCENT OF ARABY

An Inspiration in Perfume

PERFUME 2/6, 4/6, & 8/6. TOILET WATER 3/- HAIR LOTION 3/6.
BRILLIANTINE 10/- DENTIFRICE 1/- FACE POWDER 1/-
SACHET 6/- SOAP 1/- per tablet. CACHOUS 3/- per box.
TOILET CREAM 1/6 per pot. BATH CRYSTALS 2/6 & 4/6.

J. GROSSMITH & SON

DISTILLERS OF PERFUMES
NEWGATE ST LONDON

Dieppe Circuit

COUPE DE L'AUTO.

DISTANCE, 957 MILES,
June 25 and 26.

1st.

RIGAL (Sunbeam)
on MICHELINS.

2nd.

RESTA (Sunbeam)
on MICHELINS.

3rd.

MEDINGER (Sunbeam)
on MICHELINS.

Why not let Bibendum
carry *your* car ?

GRAND PRIX DE L'A.C.F.

- 1st. BOILLOT (Peugeot) on X tyres.
2nd. WAGNER (Fiat) on MICHELINS.
(Disqualified) BRUCE-BROWN (Fiat) on MICHELINS.
3rd. RIGAL (Sunbeam) on MICHELINS.
4th. RESTA (Sunbeam) on MICHELINS.
5th. MEDINGER (Sunbeam) on MICHELINS.
6th. CHRISTIAENS (Excelsior) on MICHELINS.
7th. CROQUET (Schneider) on MICHELINS.
This Car completed the course without any mechanical or tyre troubles.
8th. PILAIN (Rolland-Pilain) on X tyres.
9th. WYSE (Arrol-Johnston) on MICHELINS.
10th. DURAY (Alcyon) on MICHELINS.

COUPE DE L'AUTO.

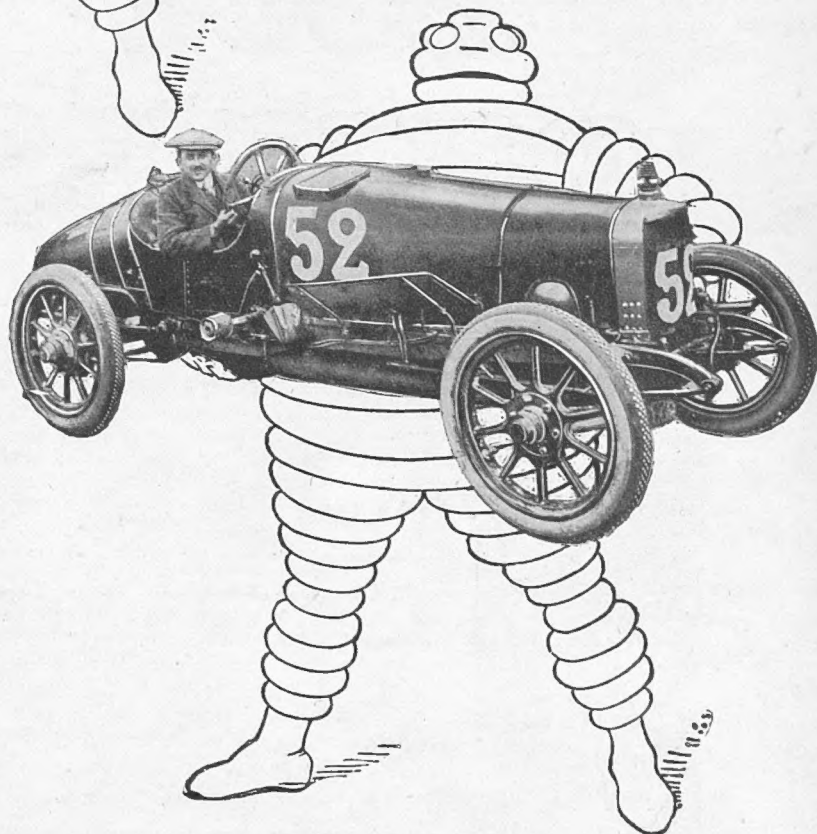
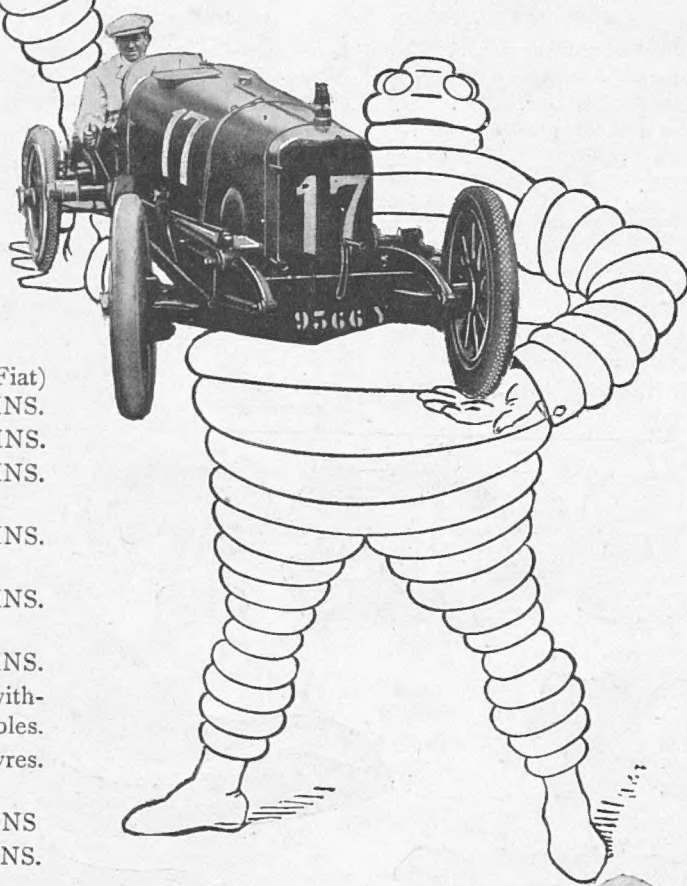
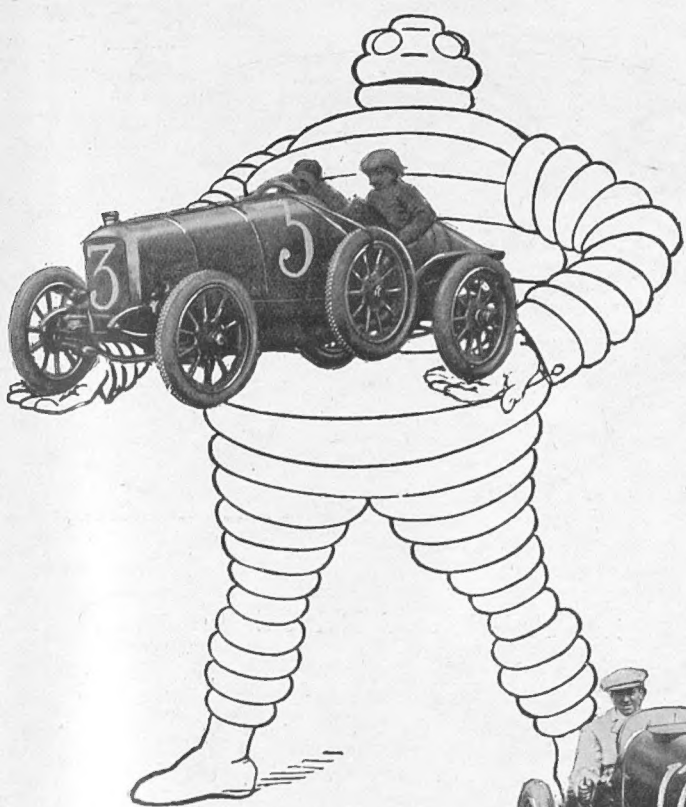
- | | | | | |
|----------------------------|----|----|----|---------------|
| 1st. RIGAL (Sunbeam) | .. | .. | .. | on MICHELINS. |
| 2nd. RESTA (Sunbeam) | .. | .. | .. | on MICHELINS. |
| 3rd. MEDINGER (Sunbeam) | .. | .. | .. | on MICHELINS. |
| 4th. CROQUET (Schneider) | .. | .. | .. | on MICHELINS. |
| 5th. WYSE (Arrol-Johnston) | .. | .. | .. | on MICHELINS. |
| 6th. DURAY (Alcyon) | .. | .. | .. | on MICHELINS. |

RELIABILITY CUP.

This Cup was gained by the Sunbeam Co., whose team was the only one to finish.

All the Sunbeam Cars were fitted with MICHELIN TYRES.

MICHELIN TYRE CO., LTD.,
81, FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.



"Fashionable Barley Water."

Under the above heading, "*The Woman at Home*," states:—"There is a brew of Barley Water, perfect in concoction, now in high favour at the Bachelors' Club." This Barley Water is made from

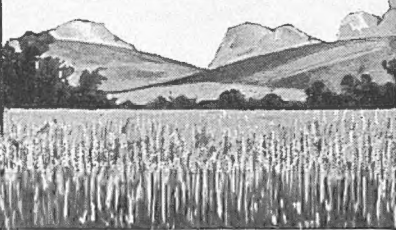
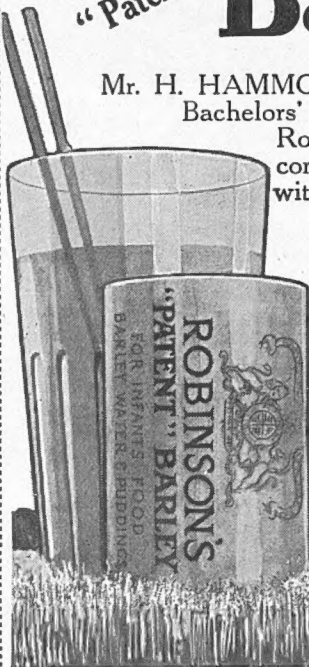
Robinson's "Patent" Barley.

Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A., late Chef at the Bachelors' Club, wrote: "We are using Robinson's 'Patent' Barley according to the directions enclosed with each tin."

Ladies who Value their Complexions

should drink Barley Water at their meals, but should carefully avoid the use of Pearl Barley, which is often adulterated with colouring matter.

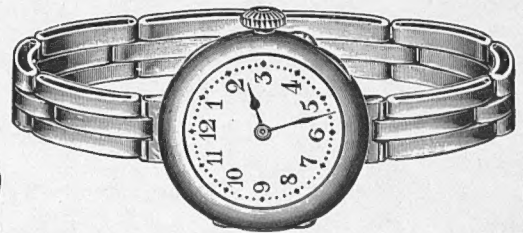
KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., LONDON.



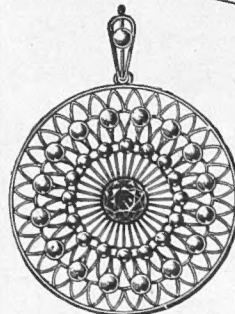
Sir John Bennett, Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1750.

WATCH
BRACELETS
from
£5



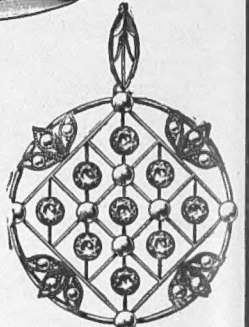
NEWEST
DESIGNS
BEST
CASH
VALUE.



PENDANT—15CT. AMETHYST OR
PERIDOT AND PEARLS,
£5 15 0

THE PRESENT FASHION

Sir JOHN BENNETT, Ltd., call special attention to their large and choice stock of all the newest and best forms of self-adjusting watch bracelets. Comfortable and safe, fitting any size wrist. Inexpensive but accurate. In 9-ct. gold with lever movement, as illustrated, £5 10s.



PENDANT—15CT. PERIDOT OR
AMETHYST AND PEARLS,
£6 0 0



Diamonds, £11,
also from
£8 to £50



Diamonds with
Ruby or Sapphire,
£9



Diamonds, £10.
Large selection of
2-part rings

ENGAGEMENT RINGS a Speciality.

Sir John Bennett, Ltd., have the finest stock of Rings in London, comprising all the newest and most choice designs, mounted with Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires, Pearls, and other Precious Stones, ranging in price from £1 to £250. Intending purchasers may depend upon the best of quality at the lowest cash prices.

Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery sent post free.



Diamonds, £15.
Various patterns
£8 to £50



Diamonds with
Sapphires or Rubies,
£15

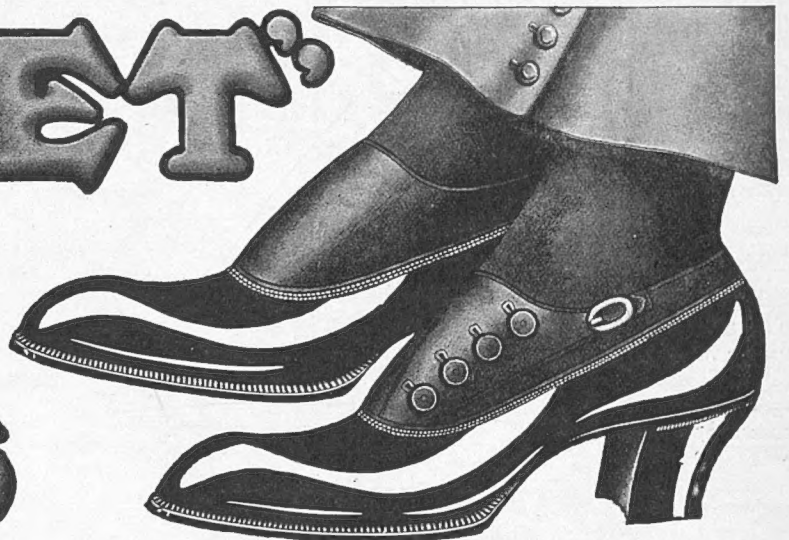


Diamonds, £20
In every style of
setting, from £8

65, CHEAPSIDE, and 105, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

'NUGGET' BOOT POLISHES

The Shine is Soft, Lustrous, and Fashionable. . . . The Leather is rendered Soft and Pliable.



It is important for you to know that Benger's is not a pre-digested food, and it does not contain dried milk nor malt nor chemical food substance.

It is natural cereal food combined with natural digestive principles. It is prepared with fresh new milk, with which it combines to form a delicious food cream, assimilable to the most weakly digestion, and safe to give under almost all conditions.

Benger's Food

is for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, and for all whose digestive powers have become weakened.



Post free: to all who have the care of Infants and Invalids, a 48-page Booklet—"Benger's Food and How to Use It." BENDER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester. New York Branch—92 William Street.

ROWLAND'S



MACASSAR EXQUISITE. AROMATIC. HYGIENIC. OIL

The most Wonderful of all Hair Foods.

It supplies the daily waste that goes on in the tissues and prevents premature decay of the

HAIR

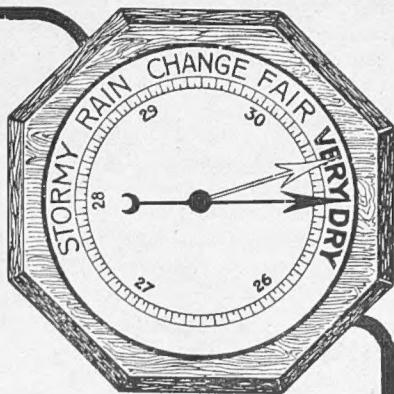
It is as invaluable for Children as "grown ups." It gives lustre and tone. It is exquisitely perfumed and is a necessity to the toilet. Use it yourself. Use it for your little ones.

Sold in a Gold Tint for Fair Hair, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Mem. Get it to-day.

"Very Dry."

Just the weather for a long tumbler of "C & C"—cool and refreshing, with a sparkle of champagne and clean, crisp flavour all its own.



It is worth being hot and thirsty when you hear the pop of the cork and the delicious golden liquor comes creaming up the neck of the bottle and falls into your tumbler like liquid light. And then—a long, deep draught of



"C & C"

(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

It's pure and healthful—made from the choicest tropical ginger and the freshest of spring water. Order in a dozen from your grocer, wine merchant, or stores—but be sure it's "C & C"

MADE BY
CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Ltd.
(Est. 1852.)

WORKS: DUBLIN AND BELFAST.

Depôts: London, Liverpool & Glasgow.
London Office: SAVOY HOUSE, 115, Strand, W.C. Telephone: 4142 City.
London Agents: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.

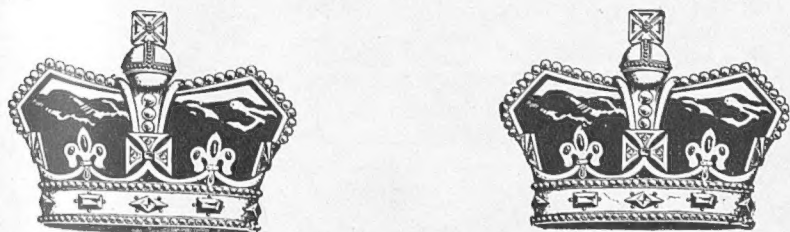
4792

"The best that ever came over the border."



"FOUR CROWN"

Scotch Whisky



The Sovereign Whisky of the Age.

It has the characteristic mellowness which age alone can give, and has won a reputation for flavour and exclusiveness wherever introduced.

To be had from all the leading Wine and Spirit Merchants, Hotels, Stores, &c.
Distillers by Royal Warrant,
ROBERT BROWN, LTD., GLASGOW, & 14, JEWRY ST., LONDON, E.C.



You see more and see better

with the DOLLOND PRISM BINOCULAR than with any other glass of the same power.

Though the lightest and handiest of glasses, the 'Dollond' affords a wide and brilliantly illuminated field of view, perfect definition and pronounced stereoscopic effect. The optical system is of the highest possible quality and will not tire the eyes, even with prolonged use.

For Naval and Military Officers, Travellers, Racing Men, Yachtsmen, Airmen—indeed, for all who have occasion to require a thoroughly dependable Binocular, no better choice than the 'Dollond' can be made.

THE DOLLOND PRISM BINOCULAR

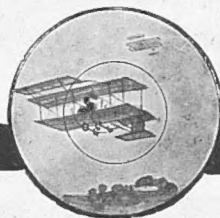
£6 0 0 MAGNIFICATION EIGHT TIMES. COMPLETE IN CASE.
Liberal allowance for old glasses in exchange.

7 Days' Free Trial!—We will gladly send a "Dollond," together with any other make of prism glass for comparison, on approval, upon receipt of substantial cash deposit, or usual references.

Descriptive Booklet sent FREE by post on request.

DOLLOND & CO., LTD.

35, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 223, Oxford Street, W.
62, Old Broad St., E.C. 5, Northumberland Av., W.C.
416, Strand, W.C. Works: Kirby St., Hatton Gdn, E.C.



A Charming Week-End Case



with Silver and Ivory Fittings.

£4:15:0

COMPLETE.

This dainty but exceptionally serviceable Week-End Case in Violet Morocco, beautifully lined with Watered Silk, is typical of the many charming inexpensive articles we have in stock.

LENGTH 13½ inches.
WIDTH 9 ..
DEPTH 4 ..

A visit to the Art Leather Department of Stewart Dawson & Compy. is a revelation. Every conceivable kind of Fitted Dressing Case is ready for your inspection at the Stewart Dawson First Cost Prices, an innovation in value which has made the Stewart Dawson Houses famous throughout the World.

The newest models of Fashionable Hand Bags, just received from Paris and Vienna, together with many dainty Novelties in Art Leather, are deserving of inspection. No visitor is importuned to buy. If inconvenient to call, write for the New Catalogue, sent post free.

Stewart Dawson & Compy, Ltd.

73, 75, 77, 79, 81 Regent Street, London

CITY ESTABLISHMENT:
THE TREASURE HOUSE, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Silencing of Motor-Cycles.

Shortly after the issue of the cut-out prohibition by the Local Government Board, I expressed surprise at the exemption of motor-cycles from the order, seeing that in this connection they were and are infinitely worse offenders than their big brothers, the motor-cars. Under these conditions it was assuredly greatly to the credit of the Auto-Cycle Union that that body at once took the matter in hand, and before these words see the light the preliminary tests in connection with motor-cycle silencers will have taken place. Experimental silencers have been fitted to standard Triumph and Rudge motor-cycles, and these machines were ridden before the judges and adjusted until they were satisfied that the escaping noise was such as to cause no annoyance to the public. The results are to be communicated to the manufacturers specialising in silencers, and the A.C.U. will then be prepared to accept entries for an open trial. This is quite a common-sense method of dealing with the matter, and will be appreciated by all concerned.

Bank Holiday at Brooklands.

The Brooklands programme for Bank Holiday, August 5, should, weather permitting, attract a large number of people. In addition to the usual handicaps, the Brooklands Three-Litre Handicap forms an attractive feature, as it is in contents competitions of this character that something like fair handicapping can be arrived at. To endeavour to bring cars together by means of the bore-dimensions only, ignoring stroke, is such foolishness that one wonders why it has ever been attempted. Three motor-cycle events are coloured upon the card—one the First Side-Car and Cycle-Car Race, which will have great interest for the rapidly increasing patrons of this form of self-propelled vehicle. Given suitable weather, flying enthusiasts are to be provided for by the Fifth Aeroplane Handicap, in which all classes of aeroplanes compete in an out-and-home course of about ten miles—this in addition to the independent flying which can always be seen at Brooklands if the evening of the meeting is still.

Records at Brooklands.

It has been frequently suggested, as sleeve-valve engines have not made much of a show in speed events at Brooklands, that good and desirable as these engines are, they are not suitable for track work at high speeds. That this is not altogether correct is evident from

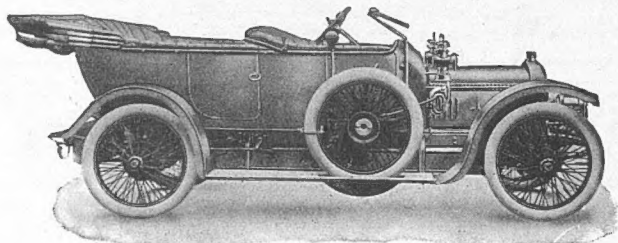
the record put in by M. Perrot while driving a 15.9-h.p. Argyll single-sleeve-valve car at Brooklands on 17th inst. M. Perrot covered the whole ten laps at a speed of 60.69 m.p.h., and the eighth lap at 62.64 m.p.h., the car weighing 1 ton 3 cwt. 31 lb., while the stroke and bore of the engine were 80 mm. (3 1-8 in.) and 130 mm. (5 1-8 in.), respectively. Another interesting point in connection with the performance was the fact that the car has worm-drive to the back axle—a method of transmission generally held to be considerably slower than bevel-drive. On the afternoon of the same day, a 15.9-h.p. Singer covered a flying half-mile at 86.83 m.p.h., a flying kilometre at 86.80 m.p.h., and the flying mile at 86.54 m.p.h. It should be stated that the strong northerly wind blowing down the hill was distinctly unfavourable to the Argyll performance.

Testing a Colonial Car.

A course of thirteen and a half miles of Downs road, Downs steeps, and Downs surface, covered fifteen times in three days, was selected by Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., for an officially observed test of the extra-strong 15-h.p. Colonial Napier. The Downs which slope to Clayton and Westmeston were selected as the scene of operations, the car being caused to make two ascents and one descent in each circuit of the rough, rutted, and overgrown tracks up the sides of the slopes which are called Bostalls. Very nearly half the course—that is, from the top of Streat Hill, past the famous Ditchling Beacon, to the top of Clayton Hill—runs over the natural rolling, bumpy surfaces of the short, sweet turf which gives so toothsome a flavour to the South Down mutton. The line of this upper Downs route is marked by tunnels, and one wonders what description of war-chariot the dead-and-gone Britons must think is rumbling five times a day over their heads.

Messrs. Eley Brothers, Limited, have been given a contract by the Admiralty for the supply of cartridges for the new .455 Webley Automatic Pistol, which has recently been adopted for the use of the Navy.

In addition to their previous distinctions, the "Sanitas" Company, Limited, have just received from the Royal International Horticultural Exhibition the Diploma of Honour. This, together with a Silver-Gilt Medal, was awarded to them at the Royal International Horticultural Exhibition, held at Chelsea, for their exhibit of "Sanitas Powder," the well-known dressing for garden and seed beds as a protection against slugs and other garden pests.



RECENT SUCCESSES of the 15 h.p. STRAKER-SQUIRE

Saltburn

Speed Trials

July 6th, 1912.

1st in Class M, OPEN EVENT
(For cars not exceeding 2950 c.c.)

1st in Class R, OPEN EVENT
(For cars not exceeding £350 Chassis price.)

thus proving the superiority of the moderate-priced Straker-Squire over other well-known higher-priced cars.

Dorset Club open H'cap at Weymouth

June 1st, 1912.

1st in ALLCOMERS' Handicap

Aston Hill Climb

June 8th, 1912.

Fastest Time in Class III.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

15 H.P. (ONE TYPE CHASSIS ONLY.) Chassis Price, **£325**
(suitable for all types of bodies) with Tyres,

A FEW IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES.

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Av., London, W.




Rotax

Lamps & Horns add a finish to the finest car.

Any good motor agent will supply you.
Send for our list.

ROTAX MOTOR ACCESSORIES CO.,
43/5, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.



PANTHARD

A Trial Run

will prove to what perfection road-travel has been brought by the

25 h.p. SILENT KNIGHT

Price of Chassis with Tyres, £590.

W. & G. Du Cros, Ltd.
Office and Works: Acton Vale, London, W.
Showrooms: 24, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Telephone: Hammersmith 800 (10 lines)
Telegrams: "Voiturante," London.